VOL. CCXXXIII, No. 3032
TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

Fit "TripleX" Regd - and be safe

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
MAY 10, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

– THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

McVITIE & PRICE

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

WETHERALL
bond street sportsclothes

regd. the greatest all time
"FOURway"
belted/unbelted
topcoats about 30 GNS

THOROUGHBRED
CLEVERCHANGE
HANDTAILORED

woven to our own design
"racin PLAIDS"
double sided
"DOESKINS"

the tough tweeds that tailor
"DONEMARAS"
100% pure luxury
"CASHMERES"

the wetherall house, bond street, w.1.

OPTREX
THE EYE LOTION
RELIEVES TIRED EYES

Otard
COGNAC BRANDY
FAMOUS SINCE 1795

Fortnum & Mason
F M
for the fundamentals
and the frills

WETHERDAIR OLYMPIX
THE WORLD'S "GREATEST" WEATHER COAT

"King George IV"
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD.
EDINBURGH · SCOTLAND

Cussons
IMPERIAL LEATHER
Luxury Toilet and Bath Soaps

By Appointment
Purveyors of Champagne to the late
King George VI.
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST QUALITY
CHARLES HEIDSIECK
EXTRA DRY

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom

FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

PRICE 2/6

CROWN OF CROWNS

LIEBFRAUMILCH

If this fine wine—with the triangular label—isn't on your wine merchant's list please write for nearest supplier to Percy Fox & Company Ltd., 38, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

A Langenbach Hock

The well balanced liqueur...

Indispensable in :-

★ Cocktails ★ Fruit Salads ★ Grape Fruit etc.

COINTREAU

Extra Dry

Sole Importers

W. Glendenning & Sons Ltd. ***Newcastle upon Tyne 6***

Good relations —

his friends enjoy

the perfect Sherry!

EL CÍD

AMONTILLADO

not too sweet—not too dry—just right!

A DUFF GORDON SHERRY

El Cid, the Conqueror—an 11th century Spanish nobleman and soldier of fortune, a legendary hero.

A CORDIAL WELCOME AWAITS YOU AT THE...

MAY FAIR HOTEL LONDON, W.1

which enjoys an International reputation for its gracious hospitality. Lunch or dine in the friendly May Fair Restaurant or the fashionable Chateaubriand.

GROSVENOR HOTEL LONDON, S.W.1

with its special service for travellers. The Bessborough Banqueting Suite and the Travellers' Bar are notable amenities.

HOTEL METROPOLE BRIGHTON

where the season is all-the-year-round. Here is all the luxury of a London hotel in a gay, invigorating setting. Its Bar Monaco is the finest on the South Coast.

HOTEL METROPOLE FOLKESTONE

—on speaking terms with the French Coast. Ideal for summer or autumn holidays, or as a stop-over before crossing to the Continent.

HOTEL METROPOLE MONTE CARLO

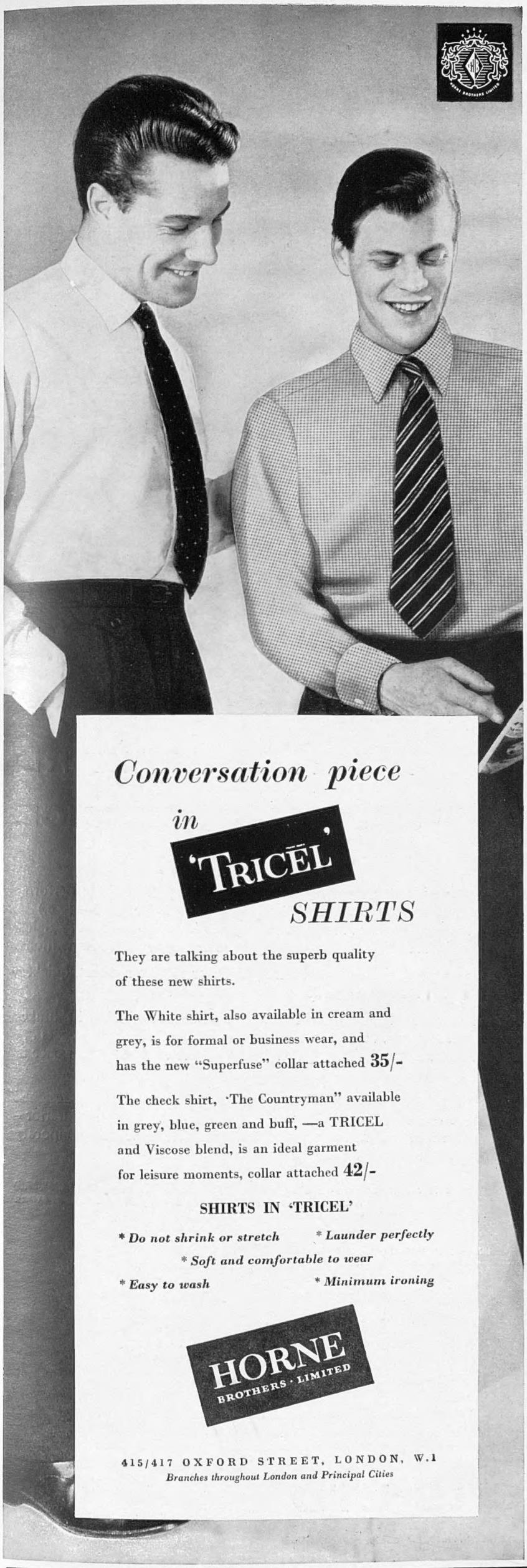
one of the world's leading luxury hotels. Flawless service, superb cuisine and wine cellars. The most fashionable rendezvous in the Principality.

For further information about these hotels, please write to the Resident Managers or to Dept. P., Gordon Hotels Ltd., 11 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1. or 'phone SLOane 5222.

N° 5 - GARDENIA - CUIR DE RUSSIE - N° 22 - BOIS DES ILES

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL



Conversation piece

in

'TRICËL'

SHIRTS

They are talking about the superb quality of these new shirts.

The White shirt, also available in cream and grey, is for formal or business wear, and has the new "Superfuse" collar attached **35/-**

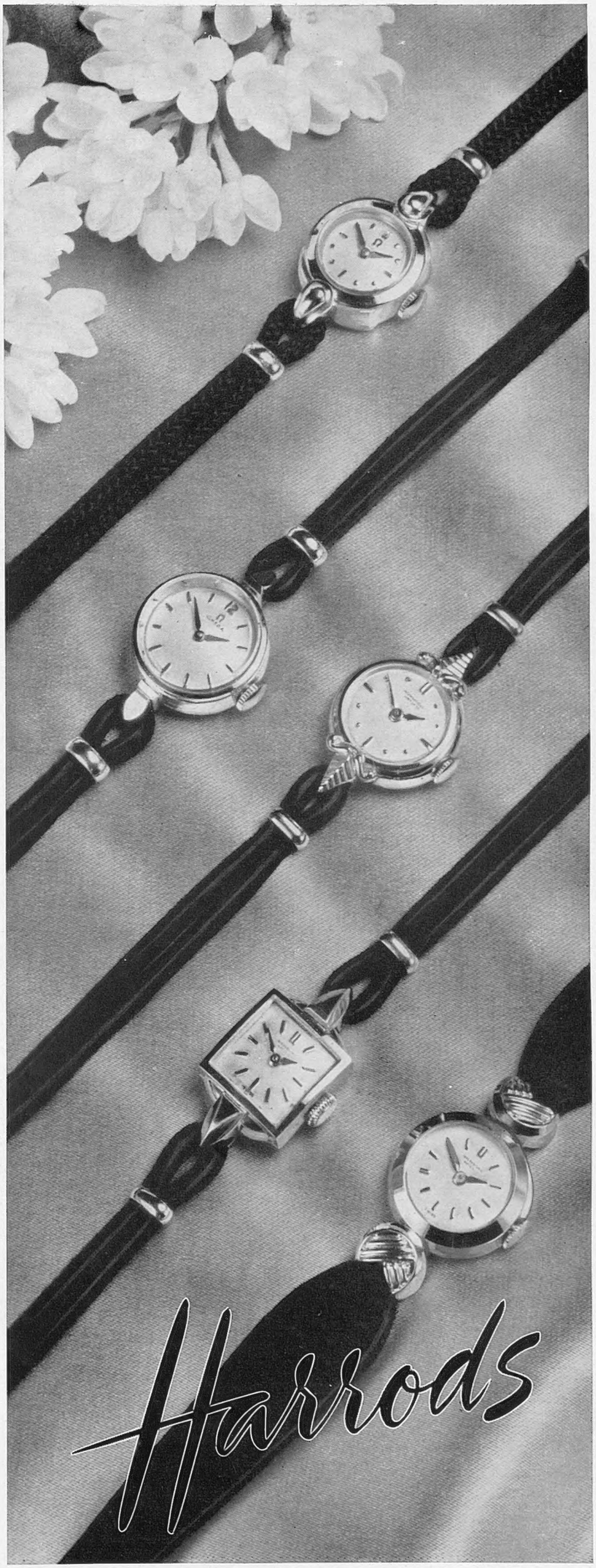
The check shirt, 'The Countryman" available in grey, blue, green and buff, —a TRICEL and Viscose blend, is an ideal garment for leisure moments, collar attached **42/-**

SHIRTS IN 'TRICEL'

* *Do not shrink or stretch* * *Launder perfectly*
* *Soft and comfortable to wear*
* *Easy to wash* * *Minimum ironing*

HORNE BROTHERS · LIMITED

415/417 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1
Branches throughout London and Principal Cities



Elegant and essentially feminine, these eighteen carat gold watches are fine examples of Swiss craftsmanship. They are chosen from the range of exquisite watches and jewellery at Harrods of Knightsbridge.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

the NEW 1½ litre SUNBEAM RAPIER

...SETS A NEW STANDARD

IN PERFORMANCE — SAFETY — ELEGANCE

1958
Rally Successes
R.A.C. RALLY
1ST
Outright Winner
CIRCUIT OF IRELAND RALLY
1ST AND 2ND
Closed cars over 1300 c.c.
MONTE CARLO RALLY
1ST
British Car

NEW power-plus 'Rallymaster' engine to give you sparkling performance allied to surprising economy and steadfast reliability. Now 1½ litres (1494 c.c.) . . . twin carburettors . . . larger valves . . . compression ratio increased to 8·5 . . . higher torque. All new features . . . but tried, tested and proved in the toughest competitions.

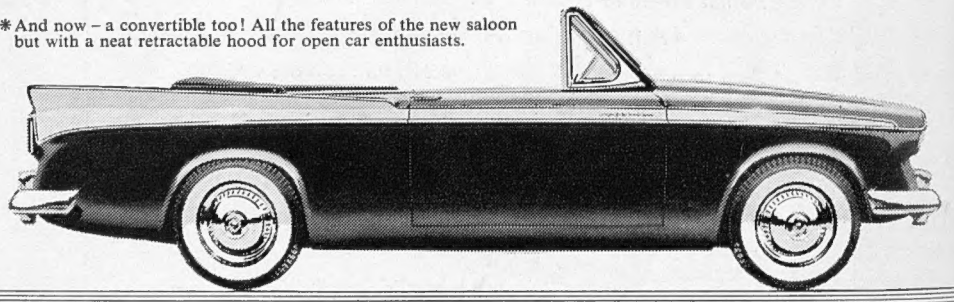
NEW Gear Change A short sports centre gear lever to give a direct, quicker, cleaner change to match the new engine's great performance.

NEW Safety features to give you the safest ride you ever had. New 10″ brakes with 15% better performance . . . higher rated coil springs and shock absorbers . . . entirely new positive featherlight steering . . . all contribute to a new experience in road holding.

NEW looks to thrill the eye . . . new comfort to shorten the miles. Re-designed exterior set off by elegant fins embodying tail lamp cluster. Re-styled interior – luxurious foam rubber seating for tireless driving. Wide choice of new contemporary two-tone colour schemes.

Price: Saloon £695 (plus P.T. £348.17.0) Convertible £735 (plus P.T. £368.17.0)
Whitewall tyres, overdrive on 3rd & 4th gears available as extras.

* And now – a convertible too! All the features of the new saloon but with a neat retractable hood for open car enthusiasts.



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS ROOTES MOTORS LIMITED

A product of **ROOTES MOTORS LTD**

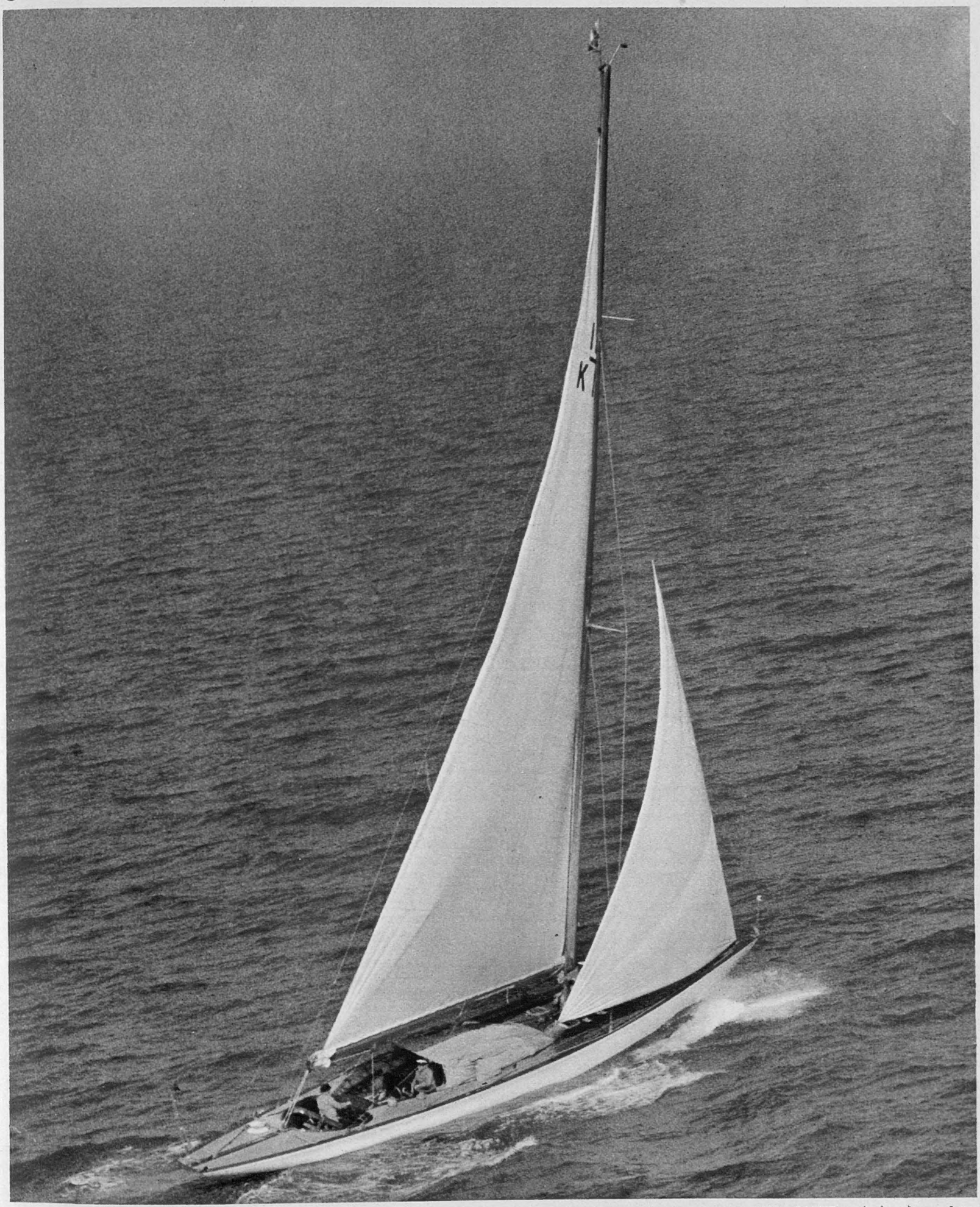
Sunbeam-Talbot Ltd. Coventry. London Showrooms and Export Div: Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.1

Volume CCXXXIII No. 3032 The SPHERE, London, May 10, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

© 1958. Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. *All Rights Reserved.*



"SCEPTRE'S" FIRST VOYAGE—BRITAIN'S AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGER IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL OFF ST. ALBAN'S HEAD, DORSET: A few hours later she arrived at Gosport, having left the Clyde on her maiden voyage five and a half days previously. This week she starts trials against the yacht *Evaine* in preparation for her attempt to recover the America's Cup in American waters next September. *Sceptre* is being shipped to the United States in July.

The 12-metre yacht which is challenging for the America's Cup next September completed her first voyage—from the Clyde to the Solent—in faster time than expected, making especially quick progress up the English Channel from the Lizard. At nightfall on May 1 she reached Cowes, where an anchorage had been prepared in case it was decided not to sail through the Solent in darkness. However, her sailing master, Commander S. Brooks, hailed the shore to say he would proceed as arranged to Gosport. According to all reports, master and crew were delighted with the yacht's performance on the 600-mile voyage. It was planned that *Sceptre* should come out of the water for a bottom scrub and then start her trials in the Channel for the America's Cup. All concerned took especial interest in the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club's Regatta at Cowes last week-end. In it *Evaine*, which is to race in trials against *Sceptre*, was showing her paces.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

A SUNNY START TO THE CRICKET SEASON—THE TRADITIONAL SETTING FOR THE MATCH AT WORCESTER: P. E. Richardson and Horton are in play against the New Zealanders on the county ground a short distance from the cathedral. The match opened in brilliant sunshine and the New Zealanders spent most of the first day in the field. Worcester scored 345 for seven declared, P. E. Richardson making 104. In reply New Zealand scored 283 (B. Sutcliffe 139). The match was left drawn. In Worcester's second innings Kenyon scored 102 not out.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

"Not by Eastern Windows."—The fences ahead in our Grand "interNational" may well daunt the jockeys. They cannot comfort themselves with the thought that the light comes surely in by Eastern windows. The Sumatra revolt may be on its last legs but its cost may well result in raising again the very causes that produced it. Dr. Sukarno must once more call in aid the exports of the outer islands to refill his treasury. Malta is not too comfortable or secure. In the Lebanon, trouble is brewing between Christians and Muslims. Cyprus remains an ulcer that will not heal. Nasser is doing his best to light more fires in the Aden Protectorate and is tapping our oil-pipe (and life) line either end and all the way, with Soviet encouragement. Even on the island of Gan, Maldivian desire for independence is holding up work on the latest R.A.F. base. And Mr. Nehru is seriously disturbed by events in Tibet. All these troubles and our domestic worries are perhaps small beer by comparison with Khrushchev's revoltingly successful games with the Western Powers, further weakened by a leaderless France. At the moment of writing, the vague if not unjustifiable hopes of countless millions appear to have wilted away and the insoluble problem between East and West is back again where it stood last year—with sharper knobs on. Increased suspicion, wholly justified in Western eyes, of Russia's sincerity and a widespread, world-wide realisation that under the barbaric rules of modern diplomacy, the Western Powers are like roosting hens faced with a marauding fox, are the day's topics. The Grand "interNational" is likely to empty many a saddle this year and it will take more than the R.S.P.C.A. to lower the fences.

Suez Canal Company.—The various grades of Suez Canal Company shareholders have been promised by agreement, initialled in Rome, compensation of £29,000,000. They have not got it yet. The final instalment, if the agreement works out, will not be paid until 1964 and much may happen before then. Our Government, the largest shareholder with 44 per cent., considers the settlement as reasonably satisfactory, and, to judge by the effect of the announcement on Suez share prices in the City, probably most of the shareholders agree. At the same time, shareholders' original claims were pitched far higher and included compensation for potential earnings from the last twelve years of the concession agreement. Still, if the agreement is confirmed in Cairo later on and the instalments are punctually paid, the shareholders should be at least as "well off" as shareholders in our own newly-nationalised industries considered themselves to be—and that was by no means 100 per cent. satisfaction! There are numbers of adjustments required to make the agreement work and make it binding; and, of course, this settlement does not wipe the slate clean between Egypt and ourselves. No progress has been made with our claims to compensation for British property seized during and after the Suez "incident," against which we still hold frozen Egyptian assets in Britain. But no doubt Nasser—under the name of the United Arab Republic—will claim another success in proving to the world and teaching the Western democracies that correct behaviour and strict adherence to international morality are the only way by which great nations can work out their destinies and achieve their reasonable aims. It may be that he and Khrushchev have lately assured themselves that this is so, and honesty the best policy. Pictures of these leading men at their first meeting in Moscow suggested that those reflection made them "very happy," even triumphant. For then there are "no angry young men to look back in rag nor tired old men in sorrow."

Increase in Crime.—There are more people i prison than ever before. The number of men sleepin three in a cell has *doubled* in a year and a half. Th juveniles account for a high proportion of the priso population. In less than two years the Borstal detainee have grown from 2,600 to 4,000. In 1955 the number o youths (seventeen to twenty-one) found guilty of indictabl offences showed an increase of 19 per cent. over th previous year and that was regarded as appalling. Bu in the first half of 1957 the percentage was up again an this time by 25 per cent. And we are only at the threshol of the dreaded post-war birth-rate bulge. Accommodation for these convicts, young and old, is simply not available in any form or condition which can adequately enable prison authorities to implement the new ideals of reformation. The money is not there. It is small wonder if Lor Mancroft admitted the gravest anxiety on the part of th Government. The debate which followed his statemen in the Lords was the usual "airing," and disclosed th same bromides from the opposing camps. There were those who wanted the good old days of penology back with the birch. There were those who blamed the parents TV, lack of religion, defective after-care, unproductive prison work, failure of employers to employ ex-convicts and Lord Templewood's only criticism of "business done" was that it has been unduly delayed. He certainly was right to praise the Commissioners and reformers who have done their best to kick the Government into action. But perhaps he was optimistic in attributing 99 per cent. of the increase in crime to upheaval of famil life. Many a lay magistrate would allot more than 1 pe cent. to other causes!

"As Safe as the Post."—My faith in our postal system has been sustained undiluted most of my active life. Of late it has had a rude shock. I depend for my livelihood on the post and it is my most solemn weekly ritual to post my week's work—*Newsletter* and book reviews—with my own hand in one or other of the pillar-boxes in my area on the West Sussex-Hants border. A fortnight ago the packet containing my week's work (fa

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscriptions should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. All terms below include postage.

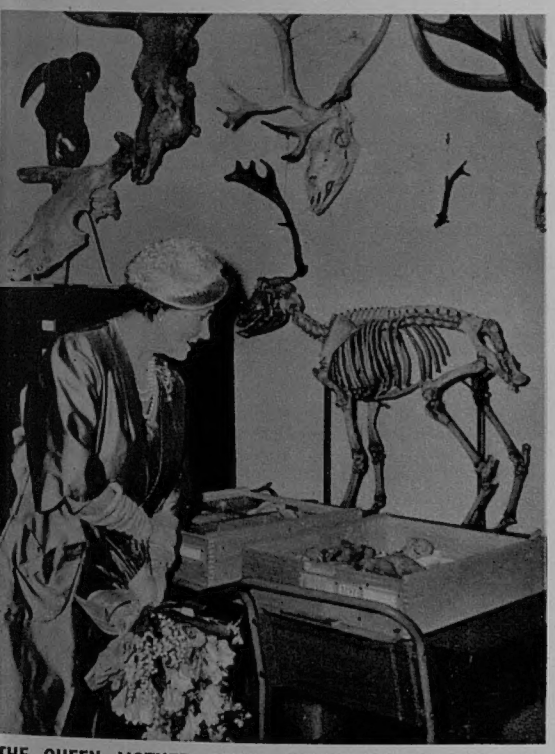
Published Weekly 2/6	3 MONTHS (*No Extras*)	6 MONTHS (*Without Xmas No.*)	6 MONTHS (*Including Xmas No.*)	12 MONTHS (*Including Xmas No.*)
Gt. Britain and Eire	1 17 6	3 14 0	3 18 6	7 12 0
Elsewhere Abroad ...	1 18 0	3 15 0	3 19 6	7 14 6
Canada	1 14 6 (or $5.25)	3 8 0 (or $10.0)	3 12 6 (or $10.50)	7 0 6 (or $19.50)
U.S.A.	$5.75	$11.00	$11.50	$22.50

more important to me than to civilisation) was duly posted here at noon on Wednesday. It reached London, W.C., in the last delivery on Friday evening. That shook me. A week ago, the packet was similarly posted at 10.15 on Wednesday. It reached the addressee in W.C. only on *Monday, first post*. The week-end was anxious. I was a little comforted by the following paragraph in a Sunday paper:—

The go-slow by G.P.O. sorters and postmen which began at London's Mount Pleasant centre two weeks ago in protest against new working arrangements, has spread to other Central London sorting offices. Air mail from the Continent has been held up. Some City and West End firms who regularly receive large daily deliveries have had nothing since last Wednesday. Representatives of foreign newspapers in London, and a number of embassies are also without mail.

This seemed to acquit me and my local post offices at any rate. I have often heard and subscribed to the praises of his own business by many a P.M.G. But the events of the last weeks make me wonder if our splendid institution all these decades has succeeded by sheer luck. Is it possible that punctual sorting in London has depended on overtime work and that at any time a "go-slow" by Post Office workers could have created total chaos? If so, we pay pretty high for a calculated risk.

"Pictures of the Year."—I sometimes wonder what effect on my character might have come about if I had been one of those V.I.P.s who are everlastingly and continuously subjects for painters and photographers. Should I, I wonder, be to-day more vain or more humble about my appearance, and my merits? I shall never know. I sometimes appear in family snapshots—landscape with figures—and devilish ugly I usually look, though in truth I am no uglier than the next man. On the contrary. But a snapshot is not a painting nor a studio photographic portrait. And these last, which do not take me as a subject, are serious efforts to get at the *truth* and accordingly may well influence the subject's self-appreciation. I often sympathise (probably unnecessarily) with Royal personages, queens, princesses and "leading ladies" who must for ever pose for artists for more or less permanent records to be hung at home or in various public buildings, embassies, and so on. Usually, they must be dressed in robes of circumstance (which is "fancy dress" nowadays to the millions), and always they are at the mercy of the "theories" of the artists of the day who may produce or stress features not familiar to the general public whose close-ups of V.I.P.s are often few and short-lived. *Mon métier à moi c'est d'être roi*, and I suppose this particular function is taken in the stride by all such V.I.P.s who must for ever dress-up and change their clothes for their innumerable ceremonies. But you and I might well be un-manned by contemplation of so many versions of "our natural face in a glass" and wonder which out of so many represents the prince and which the gondolier; and even whether our true workaday selves are being exploited and disguised to satisfy the theories of dressmakers and the cranks of painters. Incidentally, one can live with a landscape (even of only moderate merit) for years and years without discomfort or dislike. But of how many modern portraits can that be said? It is a pride to be painted by John, for example, but to accept his likeness as a portrait of oneself in a mirror might be uphill work.



THE QUEEN MOTHER OPENS UNIVERSITY BUILDING: Her Majesty, who is Chancellor of London University, looks at cattle skeletons after opening the new building of the Institutes of Archæology and Classical Studies in Gordon Square, W.C. The Queen Mother spent over two hours touring the six floors of the new building which overlooks Gordon Square. Before leaving she unveiled a commemorative plaque in the vestibule.

A ROYAL WIN AT NEWMARKET: The Queen's colt Pall Mall (No. 2), with D. Smith up, passes the post to win the 2,000 Guineas by half a length. Running into second place is Mr. H. J. Joel's Major Portion (No. 12), ridden by E. Smith (brother of the winning jockey). Nagami was third. Owing to a heavy cold the Queen was unable to be present at the race.

"English as She is Spoke."—The importance of "the great English-speaking races" sticking together is constantly impressed on us by Tory (and indeed other-colour) statesmen. I don't dispute it, but it may become more and more difficult unless an army of skilled interpreters is put in training. For in the U.S.A., our common tongue changes so fast that we are being left behind. Provincial journalese in Western America has long been double-dutch to me. I was reading from a copy of the *Oakland Tribune*, published in California, accounts of the big flood which caused great disaster in Contra Costa County and East Bay, and I came across a report of the exchange between schoolgirls of Wisbech (England) and Payne of B.B.C. TV, now "ancient history." It opened thus:—"4 *girls with knees in breeze U.K. Deejay Flips at Quip.*" "London, April 3. The average cool fool in the U.S. platter-chatter biz may have it made for moola, but how 's he fixed for dignity? Now, dig us, cats: with a deejay in the U.K., money is strictly secondary, or even tertiary; but you call him a square with fair hair and it 's fountain pens at forty paces. In the U.K. if a disc jockey's alive, he won't take that jive. This is why four of the gone girls at Wisbech . . . etc., etc." You see what I mean? We in this old country are getting behind. We haven't really expanded and rationalised our language since Shakespeare died. The Californian Shakespeares are at it all day long; and already the old bromide is nearly meaningless. "The great English-speaking world-alliance" has often of late shown signs of misunderstanding each other's point of view. We are greatly to blame for that. Let us humbly learn from Oakland, Cal. "Now, dig us, cats."

"Dockers Out Again."—There are Dockers and dockers, and both kinds provide banner-headlines on occasions. Curiously enough, the capital-D Dockers, who are of less importance to the nation than the other dockers, usually provide the bigger headlines. I have been deceived before by headlines, and on this occasion I lost interest when I found that it was the capital-D Dockers who were once more on the front page. Not that the other dockers are not often "out," unnecessarily often, we sometimes think; for when they are out, they very seriously retard our export drive. The capital-D Dockers on this occasion appear to be the victims of a lock-out imposed by Prince Rainier's Government. Precisely what was the nature of the "offensive attitude" which made Lady Docker *persona ingrata* in the Principality, I do not know, and do not much care. In any case, the affair may be said to be *sub judice*, for Sir Bernard is consulting his lawyer, which may result in a "dock brief." I will only comment that some people (lucky or unlucky) are born in the glare of publicity, others achieve it and others have it thrust upon them, and in which of the last two categories the Dockers fall is anybody's guess.

Belloc's Windmill.—On May 10 the sails of Kingsland Windmill at Shipley, near Horsham, will turn again, wind permitting, for an hour or so during an opening ceremony. The mill has been restored in Belloc's memory. In his life, it belonged to him. He loved windmills and was the poet of windmills, and his *Halnaker Mill*, with its haunting charm, justifies his claim. The poem is not in any of my anthologies of modern verse, and, though I often quote it, I realise that I misquote:—

Sally is gone that was so kindly,
Sally is gone from Halnaker Hill.
And the briars ever since then grow blindly,
And ever since then the clappers are still,
And the sweeps are fallen from Halnaker Mill.

Briars is wrong, I believe, and perhaps another word, and I think he wrote Ha'naker as he pronounced it. But I recall that Belloc sang this little gem to his friend Wilfrid Blunt as he lay dying at Newbuildings in 1922, and perhaps my misquotation preserves most of the charm which his voice and his art gave it. I like to remember that I listened to his talk and sipped his wine under Kingsland Mill once or perhaps twice.

"100 Best."—European "culture" is perhaps fostered by playing paper games as well as by any other means. I have often tittered over various solemn efforts to list the "hundred best novels," and I enjoy no less a desperate effort in which the British Council, Julian Amery and Harold Nicolson have co-operated for Britain, to ascertain by vote the thirty "greatest" names worthy of taking a place in the "Pantheon of Europe," the "Elysian Fields of the Spirit." Science, I am glad to say, was not ruled out. France appropriately "won," for *Figaro* sponsored the election. No candidate received more than eleven votes, but among them, I am glad to say, were Shakespeare and Newton. The last two to date in the Immortality Stakes were Sir Thomas More and Sir Alexander Fleming, who each received five votes. It remains to say that the honourable mention of one vote each went to Cézanne, Balzac, Memlinc, Vermeer, Stephenson, Lister and Rutherford. The election was a very serious matter. No one offered, on behalf of Britain, in literature Conan Doyle or Elinor Glyn or even Jane Austen or Dickens, nor in science any of our most recent stars, but Britain ran fourth, following France, Italy and Germany in the final placing. So now we *know*. The most exclusive club in Europe is practically at full strength and we can all feel a little happier about European Culture which is a serious matter. Or *was*. For the Club is not a "young man's" club. Rather, it suggests that the things of the spirit belong to the world of spirits. THE OLD STAGER

PRINCESS MARGARET IN BRITISH GUIANA : She is accompanied by Mrs. Janet Jagan, Minister of Labour, Health and Housing, during a tour of a housing estate near Georgetown, capital of the Colony in South America. The Princess arrived in British Guiana after visiting Tobago. Earlier, in Trinidad, she had inaugurated the Federal Legislature of the new West Indies Federation. In British Guiana, Princess Margaret was welcomed at Atkinson Airport by the Governor and Ministers before embarking in a river boat for the trip along the Demarara to the capital. Dr. Jagan, Minister of Trade and Industry, and Mrs. Jagan were among those who accompanied the Princess on the journey. In the capital, gay with flags and banners, the Princess received a warm welcome as she drove to Government House and later as she fulfilled a number of engagements. The last main stop on the Princess's extensive tour was at British Honduras. She was expected back in London last Wednesday.

PRINCESS ON TOUR

Princess Margaret Visits British Guiana During Her Stay in the Caribbean

DRIVING THROUGH GEORGETOWN : Princess Margaret smiles and waves as she acknowledges the welcome in the capital of British Guiana. During the drive to Government House, men, women and children ran alongside the Royal car.

MEETING THE PEOPLE: The Princess speaks to the members of a family of Amerindians at Lusignan. *On right*—She waves from the balcony of the Town Hall at Arima during her stay in Trinidad.

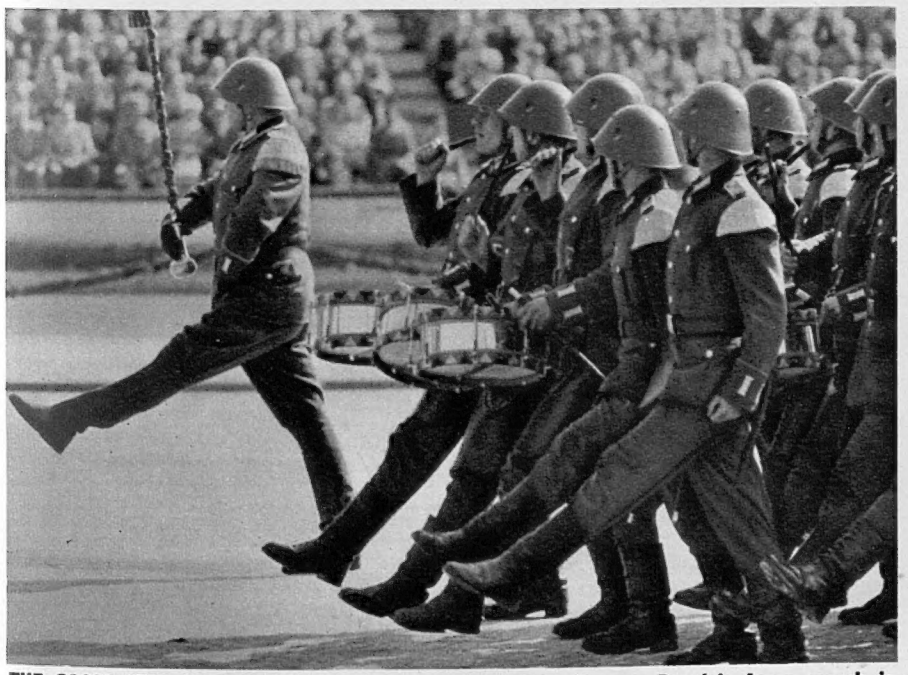
A STATE OCCASION : The Governor, Sir Patrick Renison, accompanies the Princess during a reception. *On right*—A West Indian steel band passes Princess Margaret during a procession of decorated floats. The Princess's other engagements included the presentation of the Queen's colour to the British Guianan Volunteer Force, and attendance at a children's rally.

ON THE BALCONY IN RED SQUARE: During the annual May Day parade in Moscow, Mr. Khrushchev stands with his chief guest of the moment, Colonel Nasser. On the left is Marshal Voroshilov, President of the U.S.S.R., and on the right Mr. Surenzhav, also a visitor to the Soviet capital as leader of a Mongolian Parliamentary delegation. Mr. Khrushchev and Colonel Nasser were all smiles as they waved to the long parade, thus giving semblance to the "complete agreement and understanding" which had been reported to have been reached in their talks to date. The speaker in Red Square was, as is customary, the Russian Minister of Defence. Marshal Malinovsky, who stood in an open car to take the salute for the parade, spoke of the Soviet ever-increasing military strength and of the Soviet Union's peaceful intentions. He also denounced the Western Powers. Rain caused the usual fly-past of the Russian air force to be cancelled.

COMMUNIST MAY DAYS

Nasser in Moscow; Parade in Berlin; A Rally in Rome

MARCHING IN THE RAIN: Thousands strong, columns of workers pour from Red Square during the parade in Moscow. Only a small part of the procession was military and no new weapons or equipment were noticed. The rest of the parade was composed of workers.



THE GOOSE STEP IN EAST BERLIN: Infantry of the East German People's Army march in the traditional Prussian Army step during the May Day celebrations in East Berlin. Also in the parade were tanks of Russian manufacture and a wide variety of artillery.

COMMUNISTS DEMONSTRATE IN ROME: In the Piazza del Popolo members of the party in the capital and from nearby towns gather at a rally of the Communist Workers' Union. A mile away Catholic workers attended an open-air Mass.

ANCIENT NIGERIAN BRONZES

The Discoveries from Ife Now on Show in the Manchester Museum

An exhibition which opened recently at the Manchester Museum shows to the public for the first time a collection of newly-discovered bronzes and terra-cottas from Ife, in Western Nigeria. The first of the bronzes was found accidentally last November while workmen were digging the foundations for a warehouse on what had once been farmland. One of them dug up with his pick a bronze statue 11 ins. high, showing an Oni, or King of Ife, and his Queen. Unfortunately, the point of the pick damaged the Queen's face. As can be seen in the picture top left, their arms are linked and they are making what may be ceremonial gestures.

Six more bronzes were then found. The main figure, 18 ins. high, shows an Oni in coronation regalia (top right). The others found at the same time were a ritual vessel, showing a queen coiled up on a stool, with another four-legged stool, both of a traditional Ife type, supporting the handle of the vessel (middle right), two staffs (middle left) and two maces. The two staffs, about 10 ins. long, are topped by human heads, one of a bearded man with a rope twisted about his neck. The tops of the maces are oval in shape. Each one has two human heads modelled on it and all four heads are gagged with rope. This suggests that they, and the staffs, were once used in rituals connected with human sacrifice.

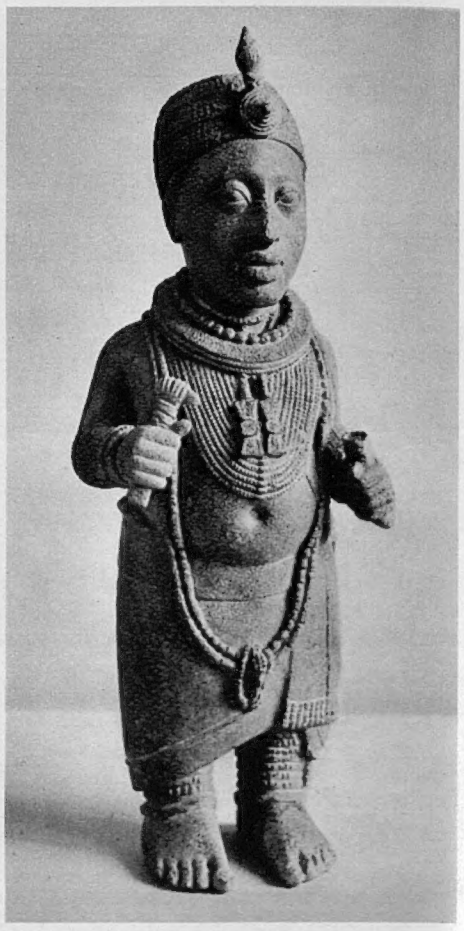
The finds date from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries A.D. and ceremonies including human sacrifice and possibly cannibalism were certainly prevalent at that time and probably more recently.

After the first discoveries, Mr. Frank Willett, the Assistant Keeper in charge of Ethnology and General Archæology at the Manchester Museum, was given leave of absence by Manchester University and went out to Ife at the urgent request of the Nigerian Antiquities Service. During December and January he investigated the site. He excavated pavements consisting of broken pottery, a bronze bracelet, parts of nine terra-cotta figures about half life-size, and more than 2,000 beads of stone and glass. Two of the heads are those of royal personages (bottom left and right). Another of the heads is believed to be that of a Court attendant.

The site is now protected as a national monument. The first showing of the finds was granted to the Manchester Museum in return for the services of Mr. Willett. They will be exhibited in Manchester during the rest of May, and then will be on show at the British Museum in London. Later it is possible they will go to France and the United States before being returned to the Oni of Ife, whose property they are under local "treasure trove" laws. The permanent home of the bronzes will be in the Ife Museum.

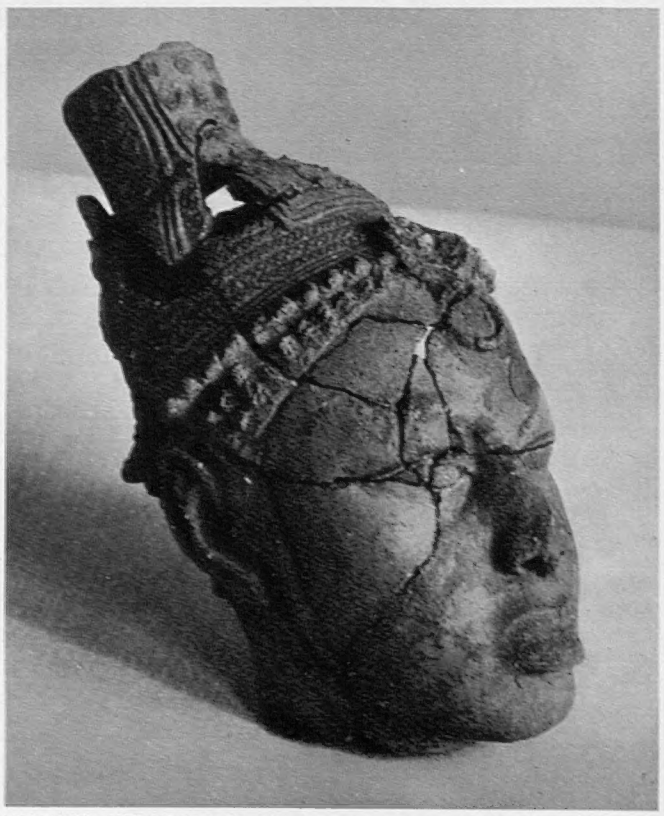
Stone figures have also been found in Nigeria, as well as ivory armlets and other objects. In 1938 at Ife, other bronzes, including a fine head, were excavated. The recent discoveries, however, show that the art of Ife had a much stronger native African feeling than was previously believed.

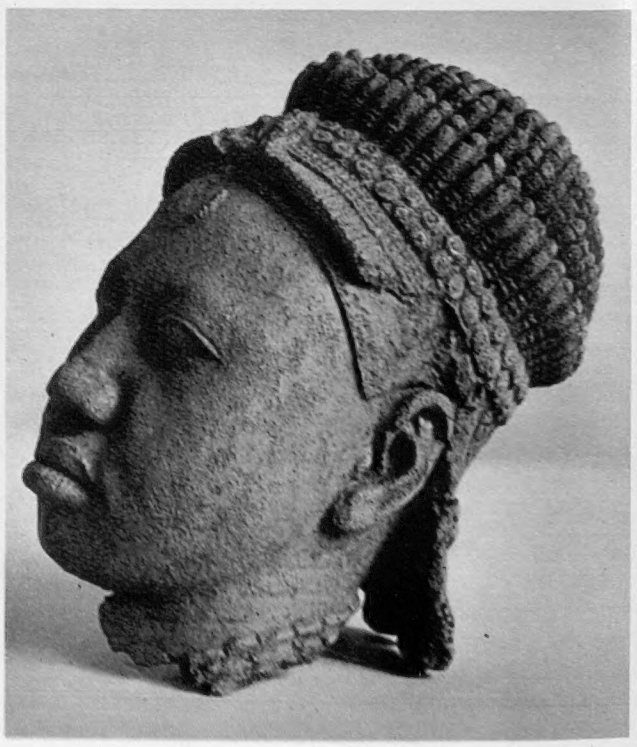
THE KING AND QUEEN: A bronze statue represents an Oni, or King of Ife, in Nigeria, arm in arm with his queen. The king's left leg is twined round the queen's right leg. These bronzes are among those being exhibited in the Manchester Museum on loan from the Nigerian Museum at Ife. Later they will go to the British Museum.



THE ONI OF IFE: This figure of a king is typical of African art in its proportions of large head and feet and short legs.

ANCIENT BRONZES: *On left*—Two bronze staffs with carved human heads are used for ritual purposes. *On right*—A ritual vessel is modelled with a queen coiled up on a stool of a traditional type.





HALF LIFE-SIZE HEADS: Modelled in terra-cotta is the head of a royal figure. It dates from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries A.D. *On right*—Also in terra-cotta is the head of a queen.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ARSON BY EOKA IN CYPRUS : A patrol of British troops arrive at a building on a Government farm in Morphou, in the west of Cyprus, which had been seriously damaged by fire. Police suspected terrorists were responsible for starting the blaze.

DESTRUCTION BY TERRORISTS—COLONEL GRIVAS BEGINS TO STEP UP HIS CAMPAIGN: Soldiers search among the twisted remains of agricultural equipments in a burnt-out barn at the farm at Morphou. This was one of the many incidents in the recurrence of EOKA violence which led to a most serious situation in Cyprus last week-end. On Sunday two British military policemen were shot dead while on patrol in the main street of Famagusta. They were struck down by fire from automatic weapons. Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor, immediately ordered the restoration throughout the island of the death penalty for discharging or carrying fire-arms or using bombs. Leaflets circulated by Colonel Grivas, the EOKA leader, had threatened reprisals against Britons for alleged "ill-treatment" of detained Greek Cypriots. The murdered soldiers were Lance-Corporal P. F. Turvey, of Romford, Essex, and Lance-Corporal W. N. Cameron, of Leven, Fifeshire, Scotland.

On left—

PREPARING TO USE THE VETO: At the Security Council in New York, Mr. Sobolev (left), the Soviet delegate, sits impassively as Sir Pierson Dixon (centre), the U.K. delegate, and Mr. Cabot Lodge (United States) raise their arms to vote for the American plan for Arctic inspection. Within a few minutes Russia was the sole voter against the proposal, using its veto on the Council for the eighty-third time. In statements to the Press, at the end of the session, America and Russia accused each other of holding up the preparations for the Summit Conference.

PADANG HARBOUR AFTER THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE INDONESIAN REBELS: Ships have been sunk to block the entrance to the port, but these obstructions did not prevent a successful conclusion to the Government operations against this rebel stronghold. At the beginning of this week it was reported that the last rebel defences had been pierced on the road to their headquarters at Bukittinggi, and it was considered that the campaign in Central Sumatra was virtually over. However, a very different situation pertained in North Indonesia, on Celebes, where the rebel aircraft had bombed a number of foreign ships.

ASSAULT BY THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS : Men of the Jakarta forces come ashore at Padang in their attack on the town. After their victory here world attention on the Indonesian civil war turned to Celebes. On that island, it seemed clear, the rebels possessed a certain number of aircraft. According to the Government in Jakarta, some of these bombers had American "volunteer" pilots and Nationalist Chinese crews. Formosa strongly denied supplying the rebels with arms and men. From Java, it has been reported, the Government is expecting Russian-built Ilyushin bombers on order from Moscow to arrive there next month.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE LONDON BUS STRIKE: Crowds of people working in the City cross London Bridge on their way to work last Monday morning, the first day of the bus strike. This was the first official strike of London busmen since 1937. A daily average of 8,353,000 passengers have been affected. On the first day of the strike, queues were reported in the early morning outside many tube stations. The roads were packed with cars and there were long delays on entering London.

THE STRIKE IS ON: Mr. Frank Cousins, General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union, is interviewed at the conclusion of a mass meeting of busmen, when it was resolved that the strike should start as from midnight last Sunday. The strike affects the area within a radius of 25-30 miles of Charing Cross. Its perimeter is indicated by such towns as High Wycombe, Hitchin, Grays, Horsham, Guildford and Slough. The area, about 2,000 square miles, holds 10,000,000 people, one in five of the country's population. More than 8,400 vehicles are stationary on 605 routes, including 315 in Central London. The strike was caused by the Union's rejection of an arbitration award of 8s. 6d. a week more for Central London busmen only, and the Union's subsequent demand which was for 10s. 6d. for all London busmen.

On right—

PRESENTING THE FAMOUS CUP: The Duke of Edinburgh hands the F.A. Cup to Nat Lofthouse, captain and centre-forward of Bolton Wanderers, who won the seventy-seventh Football Association Cup Final at Wembley by two goals to Manchester United's nil. Lofthouse scored both goals—the first, four minutes after the game started. Official attendance was 100,000.

BOLTON WANDERERS WIN THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP FINAL AT WEMBLEY: Harry Gregg, the Manchester United goalkeeper, lies on the ground after being hurt during the scoring of Bolton's second goal. From the start Bolton pressed hard and their first goal, scored by Nat Lofthouse, came within four minutes of the game having started. Towards the close it was evident that the cup was going to a side strong in defence and determination. The game was watched by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Kent, Mr. Matt Busby, Manchester United's manager, and Professor Maurer, his surgeon at Munich.

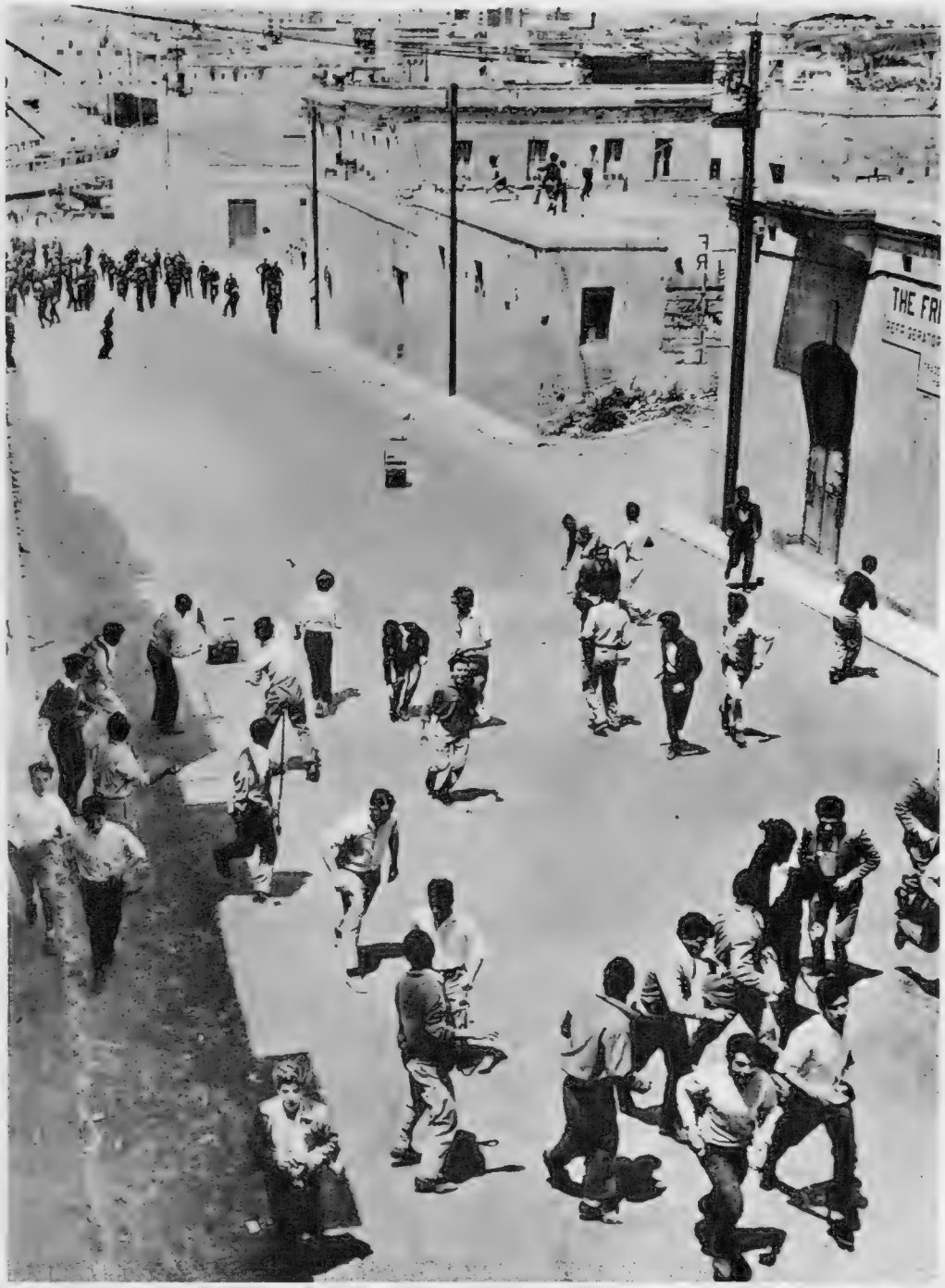
AMERICANS ARRIVE IN LONDON TO COLLECT THEIR BRITISH CARS: They are seen leaving a Britannia aircraft at London Airport and making their way to inspect the Triumph sports cars, which are lined up on the tarmac. For £1,200 each buyer gets his car, plus a round flight from Los Angeles to London, and a four-week driving tour of Europe. On arrival at London Airport, the party of 100 was greeted by Lord Tedder. This unusual piece of salesmanship by the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., has proved an overwhelming success and there are long waiting lists for next year's trips. Last year Standard's sold 6,500 sports cars in the U.S.

THRILLS AND SPILLS AT SILVERSTONE: A Riley car, driven by Peter Taylor in the Production Car Race event at Silverstone, bounces to a standstill in front of the grandstand, after being in collision with a Sunbeam Rapier. The driver escaped with only bruises and torn leg muscles. The International Daily Express Trophy Race was won by Peter Collins, who drove a Ferrari at a speed of 101·82 m.p.h.

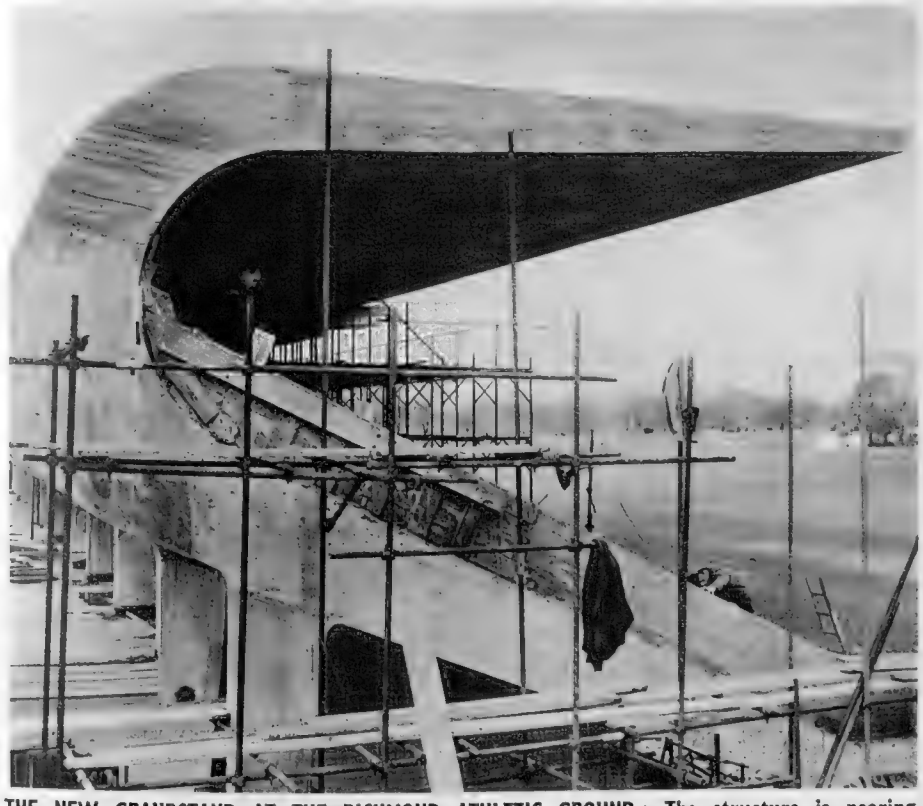
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

CHEERS FOR MR. MINTOFF: Arms are raised in acclamation by a crowd in a street in Pawla, in Malta, to acclaim Mr. Mintoff, who was passing by. Last week a state of emergency was proclaimed in the island by Sir Robert Laycock, the Governor. He had assumed responsibility for the administration when Mr. Mintoff resigned from the office of Prime Minister, in protest over Britain's financial contributions. All the members of his Labour Government also resigned. The state of emergency which was considered necessary to preserve order gave increased powers to the police, especially with regard to preventing demonstrations.

A SPECIAL OCCASION AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION: Some of a party of fifty-eight guests walk up the steps to the upper floor of the Britannia Inn, which has been built by Whitbread's in the British section of the International Exhibition. They had been invited by Colonel Whitbread to fly from London in a Britannia airliner of B.O.A.C. It was the first Britannia to land at Brussels Airport.



POLICE CLASH WITH DEMONSTRATORS DURING A ONE-DAY STRIKE IN MALTA: Cable drums are rolled down the hill and stones are hurled at the police moving up a street in the dock area of Valetta. There were many violent incidents of this kind during the day on which the General Workers' Union called a 24-hour strike in support of Mr. Mintoff and his action in resigning the Premiership. In some parts of the island roads were blocked by rocks. Telephone lines were torn down and cables slashed. On the waterfront at Pawla demonstrators boarded a Royal Naval tug and set fire to it and elsewhere vehicles of the Army and Royal Air Force were stoned.



THE NEW GRANDSTAND AT THE RICHMOND ATHLETIC GROUND: The structure is nearing completion and should be ready for the Richmond Horse Show next month. The previous stand was destroyed by fire during the last Horse Show in June of last year. The events continued as firemen fought the blaze. At the time of the outbreak of the fire mounted police were demonstrating the training of police horses for work in emergencies. The new stand at Richmond is being constructed of prestressed concrete.

AIRCRAFT FOR SALE IN OXFORDSHIRE: Prospective buyers examine a wide range of aircraft standing by the runway at Kidlington aerodrome, to the north of Oxford. Some fifty aeroplanes and helicopters were available for purchase, one of the most expensive being the Bristol Sycamore helicopter which is standing by itself on the verge towards the right background. The purpose of the sale was to meet the needs of private owners, clubs and business firms.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

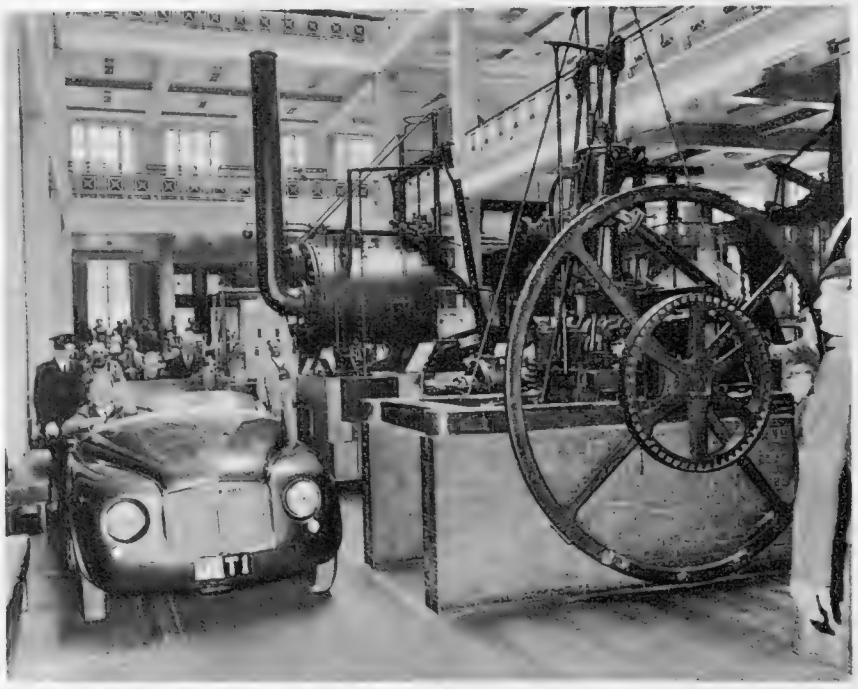
LONDON'S BIGGEST FIRST NIGHT FOR MANY YEARS: Part of the large and enthusiastic crowd which packed the pavements of Drury Lane to watch the arrival of celebrities for the opening of the much publicised American musical, *My Fair Lady*, based on George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*. In the foreground a well-wisher puts out her arm to greet Kenneth More and his wife. For more than an hour before the show began there was much confusion outside the theatre and at times the police had great difficulty in keeping the crowds from surging forward as members of the theatrical and film world arrived.

SUCCESS SHARED: Backstage, Rex Harrison, who has the part of the arrogant professor who teaches phonetics, congratulates Julie Andrews, who plays the part of the cockney flower girl whom he takes from the gutters of Covent Garden and turns into a lady. After the show parties were held all over the West End. Miss Andrews held a family party at her hotel, while the American Ambassador and Mrs. Whitney were the hosts at their home at a celebration attended by Rex Harrison and his wife, Kay Kendall. Among the audience at the first night was Anne Rogers, a lead in the tour of the musical in America, who had flown to London for the opening.

On right—

MARX'S LAST HOME TO COME DOWN: No. 41, Maitland Park Road, in North-West London, is in the process of being demolished. Here Karl Marx lived during the later years of his life and died on March 14, 1883. A block of flats is to be built on the site by the L.C.C.

THE "RED FLAG" IN ST. PANCRAS: In front, from the left, are seen Alderman Taylor, Councillor John Lawrence and Councillor Stuart Phelan singing the "Red Flag" outside St. Pancras Town Hall, in London, on May Day last week. Councillor Lawrence, Leader of the Labour-controlled Council, had just hoisted a red flag to fly over the Town Hall. In spite of strong opposition from the Conservatives, this ceremony had the approval of the majority of the Council. All municipal workers were given a day off to mark May Day.



THE WORLD'S FIRST GAS TURBINE CAR GOES ON SHOW: The Rover Company's experimental car, Jet 1, is pushed past exhibits at the Science Museum, South Kensington, to its permanent stand at the museum's new transport section. The car, which has played an important part in Rover's automobile gas turbine research programme, has been handed over to the museum as work in this field is continuing on the T.3. Jet 1 was first shown in 1950. In 1951 the R.A.C. awarded the Dewar Trophy for Rover's outstanding technical achievement.

AN ACADEMY BY THE RIVER THAMES: Passers-by pause to watch artists fix their paintings to a wire fence along Victoria Embankment Gardens, near Charing Cross, in readiness for the opening of the London County Council's annual open-air art exhibition. Artists from all over the country travelled to London for this exhibition, which each year increases in its popularity. It has been held annually for the last eleven years and among those who have work on display this year is a woman who has "hung" pictures on each occasion.

World Affairs

FRANCE IS STILL A GREAT POWER

By JOHN CONNELL

THERE is much praise these days of Germany and the Germans. The words stick in some throats; mine, for one. This is a chorus I cannot join; across the agreeable tinkle of its tune I hear the brassier notes of Nazi war-chants. I remember, and I shiver. Then I think about France and the French, and I feel better. This, I know, is an emotional, not a rational, concept. A Europe without Germany is a prospect which I have always been able to contemplate with equanimity, often with real pleasure and eagerness. A Europe without France would be a macabre desert.

A few years ago we celebrated, with appropriate formal tributes, the fiftieth anniversary of the *Entente Cordiale*. In our tormented epoch the *Entente*, with all its difficulties and complexities, has been for our country the one significant alliance. The benefit to civilisation has been incalculable. Without it, without the sacrifices it has entailed, and the hard-won victories it has brought, the people of Western Europe and of these islands would be degraded helots. The kind of union which Winston Churchill proposed, in a moment of supreme shared agony in 1940, may be impracticable; but the *Entente* is no unworthy substitute.

Anglo-French understanding is not nowadays a matter merely for the diplomatists and the politicians. It is in the bloodstream of both peoples. It goes deeper than words. It is subtle, strong and difficult to analyse. For centuries our history was stormily interlinked, and our two types of civilisation grew up side by side, reflecting one another as much as they differed. The hedges and the rain-dappled orchards of Normandy are very like those of Gloucestershire, but the Normans build their barns in their own way and their cider is stronger and drier. Perhaps we have learned more from the French than they from us; but in stormy times we have given a refuge and a home to their exiles. We appear to manage our politics more efficiently; they cook better. We have the glories of York and Salisbury; they have Chartres. It is possible to take a header out of the noise and turmoil of the High at noon into the green and grey quiet of All Souls'; the French do not send an endless tide of industrial traffic through the middle of Bayeux. In the nineteenth century the English indulged in a long, foolish and dangerous love-affair with the Germans. Hilaire Belloc, as his lately-published letters show, laid the blame on dons and schoolmasters. Perhaps I have been fortunate: the dons and schoolmasters whom I have known all my life have been singularly free from illusions about the Germans, and have known and loved and trusted the French.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT IN EXPRESSIVE MOOD: M. Coty talks in Paris with M. Gaillard, who recently resigned from the office of Prime Minister when his Algerian policy was rejected by the Assembly. France may appear politically unstable but her people still have sources of great strength.

Trust is of the essence of political and diplomatic understanding. The German record in this respect is hardly a good one. So long as the French and the British trust each other, there is some hope for Europe and for Western civilisation. That the Fourth Republic is, and has been for many months past, in grave difficulties and perplexities (many of them not directly of France's own making) is obvious. Changes of Government in Paris are conducted under the glare of a not-very-helpful or compassionate publicity. There are those who seek to make France's name a byword for internal disorder and international unreliability, and enjoy depicting France as "the sick man" of modern Europe.

Chatham House puts out each month a valuable little journal called *The World To-day*. In the current number a most penetrating analysis of the French dilemma begins with this tale: "At the time of the Moroccan—or it may have been the Tunisian—Independence negotiations with France, a rumour went round in Paris that a Moroccan (or Tunisian) negotiator had been heard to wonder whether France was really ready for self-government."

There have been moments—the height of the Suez crisis was one—when it was possible to have the same doubt about Britain. Democracy is often not an easy or an efficient way of conducting a nation's affairs. The alternatives, however, are apt to be far worse. The Fourth Republic, though sorely strained, has not surrendered to an alternative. The scars left by the years 1940-45 are many and terrible, but they taught France some important lessons which have not been forgotten. French political instability is far more apparent than real. France goes on, through Cabinet crisis after Cabinet crisis, through the shuffling and the re-shuffling of Governments. France's weaknesses are obviously political. The sources of France's strength are deep and masked; they consist, in part, of the nature of her national economy, but they are also social and spiritual.

Despite the bitter, semi-secret feuds which are a legacy of the years of occupation, resistance and collaboration, France as a society has a far higher degree of cohesion and integration than Britain. France is in many respects truer to herself; her people have been less eager to cut themselves off from the roots of their being. The French outlook is conservative and is disciplined by tradition to an extent and in a manner abandoned and forgotten in Britain. This is what gives France its curiously old-fashioned air, and provokes rather superficial and meretricious accusations about living in the past. France's traditions are not dead or sterile; they keep the flame of France's soul alight.

But France, like Britain, is in the middle of a protracted process of adjustment to the realities of existence in the second half of the twentieth century. It is a radical and far-reaching adjustment, made necessary by the fact that we are both paying the price of our victory in the Second World War. This price is being sternly exacted from us by our allies, by our enemies, and by those whose lives and freedom we preserved by our efforts. Nor has Britain failed to put the screw on France. France's overseas empire was not as big as Britain's; it had developed along different lines, and the French had not evolved the concept of the Commonwealth; but the French Empire was as vital to France as the British Empire was vital to Britain. The British began to abdicate and withdraw, rapidly and voluntarily (or semi-voluntarily), immediately after the end of the war; and we took it upon ourselves to get the French ejected summarily and swiftly from the Levant. Elsewhere the French were a good deal more reluctant in their departure than we were.

In an epoch in which "colonialism" is regarded as the most dreadful of all evils, this reluctance has earned the French many reproofs and much suffering. They have prudently avoided saying, too often or too openly, "*Nous sommes trahis*," but there are not a few Frenchmen who feel that in Indo-China, for instance, the betrayal was as flagrant as it was unnecessary. Dien-Bien-Phu has become a profoundly moving legend of French heroism, made all the more poignant by the bleak recognition that it need never have happened at all.

Need the long, terrible conflict in Algeria have happened? Need the emergency in Kenya? Kenya could not fight Mau-Mau alone; quite sizeable numbers of British troops had to be sent. Algeria to the French is part of France. The real analogy with Algeria is Northern Ireland. The people of Northern Ireland believe their country to be as much part of the United Kingdom as Kent or Wiltshire; and there are a good many people on this side of the Irish Sea, called Unionists (I am one), who take the same view as the Ulstermen. This is how French people, in metropolitan France and in Algeria alike, regard Algeria. It is customary to describe the French in Algeria as "settlers," with a hint of something derogatory in the word, as there is when it is applied to Europeans in Kenya.

The French in Algeria are as much settlers as French-speaking Canadians in Quebec, or as the descendants of East Anglian farmers and fishermen who live in Maine and Connecticut: they merely went to their new home a little later, and omitted to exterminate the country's earlier inhabitants. They are now an obstacle in the way of the Arab empire which Colonel Nasser wishes to establish, extending from the frontiers of Turkey to the Atlantic. Their desire to go on living at peace in their homes conflicts with this aspiration, which the Soviet Union (for its own purposes) nourishes and exploits, which the United States and Britain condone. The war against terrorism in Algeria is a grievous tribulation to France; it topples Governments with a frequency which shocks outside observers rather more than it distresses the French; but for all the strain it imposes it does not and it will not break France. France has endured far worse, survived and risen again.

There is an indefatigable, resurgent, rejoicing vitality in France. The French might, after all the vicissitudes of the past eighty or ninety years, be withdrawn, embittered and cynical; they are often accused of having succumbed to these vices—just as the Germans have often accused Britain of being decadent. I believe the whole legend of French cynicism, pre-war and post-war, to be a lie, peddled by the enemies of France and of civilisation.

There is serenity, there is gaiety, there is a stoical capacity for endurance, there is courage and there is hope in France.

Some months ago, in a country hotel in the Dordogne, I read an angry, loving, illogical, contradictory book called *The Taxis of the Marne*, by Jean Dutourd. It is, in its own fashion, a sustained pæan of patriotism, but its vision of France is extremely unconventional; progressive persons regard it as dangerously reactionary. Its author, as a nineteen-year-old conscript, was caught up in the defeat and surrender of 1940; he saw an army, a country and a majestic myth crumble; three years later he was an ardent and seasoned Resistance fighter. Now on the verge of middle age, he is, like many Frenchmen of his type and background, as fiercely anti-political as he is lyrically patriotic.

Politics are a small part of the French landscape. Yet how can a nation, as profoundly steeped in the principles and faith of civilisation as France is, conduct its internal affairs with efficiency and authority and its external relations with dignity and prudence, if its people deliberately turn their backs on politics and politicians, while retaining their love of and their pride in their country?

This is a riddle to which there is no quick answer. Formerly, says Jean Dutourd, France shouted at her Governments: "Astonish me!"; to-day she murmurs, "Leave me alone"—a request with a dual meaning: no wars without, no trouble within. A quiet, cosy, peaceful, Welfare State kind of life, such as France's neighbour and ally, friend and long-ago enemy, Britain, also professes to desire. It that were a true and total picture of France, there would be cause for something near despair. If is not true of France any more than it is of Britain. As long as, in both countries, there are people like Jean Dutourd, searching with all their will for seriousness and glory, and hating what he calls "the frivolous anarchy" of the time, there is great cause for hope and faith.

A NEW FRENCH AIRLINER AT LONDON AIRPORT: With the jet engines set below the tailpiece, the S.E. 210 Caravelle, built by Sud Aviation, makes its debut at London Airport. The aircraft had flown from Paris to London for technical purposes. Two prototypes of the Caravelle have been built. The first made its maiden flight on May 27, 1955, and the second on May 6, 1956. The two are generally similar, the most important modification being deletion of the wing leading-edge slats on the second prototype. By the end of 1956, the first had completed 1,053 flying hours, including 400 hours in four months as a scheduled freighter on Air France routes in Europe and North Africa. The second made a tour of North America in the spring and summer of 1957.

MORE P.1 FIGHTERS FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: The picture reproduced above is the first taken showing an English Electric Company's P.1 B supersonic jet fighter carrying guided missiles. Mr. Aubrey Jones, Minister of Supply, has announced that further orders for this aircraft, and an order for a new trainer version, have been authorised. The exact number of aircraft was not disclosed, but contracts are to be negotiated as necessary in order to ensure continuity of production. Powered by two Rolls-Royce Avon engines, the P.1 B made its first flight on April 4, 1957. On the same date a production order for an unspecified number of P.1 Bs to go into service, in due course, with the Royal Air Force Fighter Command was announced.

INSIDE THE COCKPIT OF THE NEW COMET IV: Group-Captain John Cunningham, left, chief test pilot of the de Havilland Aircraft Company, and a co-pilot, Mr. W. P. Fillingham, are at the controls of the Comet IV. The Comet took off on its first successful flight from the company's airfield at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, on Sunday evening of last week and remained in the air for one hour and twenty-three minutes. *On left*—The new Comet leaves the runway at Hatfield on its second flight. Compared with the Comet I, the new aircraft, as an inter-continental airliner for B.O.A.C., will be twice as powerful, able to carry double the number of passengers approximately twice as far, will weigh half as much again when fully laden, and will be 18 ft. longer. It is powered by four Rolls-Royce Avon engines.

A New Comet in the Air

The Maiden Flight of the Comet IV, and Other Aviation News

At 6.15 p.m. on Sunday of last week the new Comet IV made a successful first flight. With Group-Captain John Cunningham at the controls, the aircraft took off from the airfield of the de Havilland Aircraft Co. Ltd., at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, and remained in the air for 1 hour 23 mins. This is the first of nineteen Comets now being built for service with the British Overseas Airways Corporation. Accompanying Mr. Cunningham in the Comet were Mr. Peter Bugge, co-pilot, Mr. E. Brackstone Brown, flight engineer, Mr. J. L. Johnston, flight observer, and Mr. J. Marshall, instrument observer. After landing, Mr. Cunningham said the Comet behaved splendidly on its maiden flight, during which he put the aircraft through a series of preliminary handling trials and verified the correct functioning of the various aircraft systems.

The new Comet will now embark on a programme of air testing and performance measurement, including tropical trials directed towards obtaining a full passenger-carrying Certificate of Airworthiness, a process which will be greatly hastened by the extensive development flying already accomplished with the Comet III.

Delivery of the first Comet IVs to B.O.A.C. is due towards the end of the year and the aircraft are expected to go into service on the routes to Australia, the Far East and South Africa. It is understood that B.O.A.C. are studying also the possibility of putting them on the North Atlantic route between London and New York.

The Comet IV, powered by four Rolls-Royce Avon engines, emerges as the world's first fully-developed jet airliner. Behind it lie more than 50,000 hours of test and operational flying. Its cruising speed is 510 m.p.h. With fifty-six passengers and 8,400 lb. of mail and freight, it can fly 3,000 miles in still air.

Up to seventy-six passengers can be carried in two large compartments. The B.O.A.C. version of the aircraft will be readily convertible to take either fifty-six first-class, sixty-seven mixed-class or seventy-one tourist-class passengers.

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE THE GROTTO OF TIBERIUS: *Left*—In front of the cave near Sperlonga, on the coast between Rome and Naples, the ground is being searched for further fragments to add to the vast collection of pieces of statuary found last September. The fragments are believed to have formed the original of the famous Laocoön group in the Vatican. *Right*—In the pool in the Grotto the bulk of the pieces was discovered.

SOLVING THE LAOCOÖN MYSTERY

Finds in Italy may be the Original of the Famous Vatican Statuary

LAOCOÖN, a priest in ancient Troy, is surely the prototype of the counter-espionage agent or security officer. He alone of the inhabitants of the besieged city saw through the ruse of the Greek Wooden Horse and warned his fellow-citizens against admitting it. Unfortunately, according to legend, higher authority in the form of the Gods had already decided that Troy must fall. As is often the case with those who offend their superiors by threatening the success of their plans, Laocoön had to suffer. The Gods were extremely angry and Poseidon instructed two serpents to go out of the sea and strangle the priest with his two sons as he was sacrificing on the shore.

The story is immortalised in the poetry of Virgil and in the group of marble statuary in the Vatican at Rome. The sculpture shows the agonised contortions of the bodies of Laocoön and the two boys in the grip of the serpents and is a masterpiece of violent realism. Byron obviously had it in mind when he wrote in *Childe Harold* of "Laocoön's torture dignifying pain." The statuary was found on the Esquiline Hill in the early sixteenth century and purchased by Pope Julius II for the Vatican. Napoleon took it to Paris, but it was returned in 1814. The carving of the work is generally ascribed to three Rhodian sculptors — Agesander, Polydorus and Athenodorus.

Last autumn accepted ideas about this famous exhibit in the Vatican received a shock. In a pool in a cave near Sperlonga, on the coast of the Tyrrhenian Sea, between Rome and Naples, a large number of fragments of stone were discovered. Experts declared that they believed some of these formed the original of the Laocoön group and that the Vatican statuary is a copy. As work has proceeded on assembling and identifying the fragments, their view has remained unaltered.

The cave is known as the Grotto of Tiberius. The Emperor had a villa nearby and there is reason to suppose that the pool was used as a bath. Its water comes from a spring and is of remarkably pure quality. It is used to-day for drinking water by workmen on the site. There are several ornaments and decorations in and around the cave which suggest that it certainly was a resort for very top-class Romans. Suetonius relates that Tiberius on one occasion narrowly escaped being killed by a fall of rock. In this incident Sejanus first attracted the Imperial eye for his part in saving the life of his ruler. Popular belief has for long identified the Grotto at Sperlonga as the scene of this near-disaster.

An Emperor with such curious tastes as Tiberius might easily have decorated his bathroom with huge statues. But it seems almost impossible for a fall of rock to have pounded the sculpture into the several thousand fragments which have been found in and around the water. A landslide or an earthquake could hardly have done this. One opinion is that the Laocoön was demolished by early Christians. It would be difficult to attribute such thorough destruction to an accident.

ASSEMBLING THE PIECES: In a corner of the Grotto fragments are being fitted to a torso. On the shelf against the wall are two graceful hands and a leg bent at the knee.

A GIGANTIC LEG: It is 6 ft. long and is thought to have been part of the giant figure of Laocoön. It is estimated that the group of statuary may have been 20 ft. high, far larger than the marble in the Vatican

SORTING AND IDENTIFYING: Each fragment is carefully labelled and then studied to see where it might fit in. Many pieces at Sperlonga were undoubtedly parts of statuary other than the Laocoön group.

In the first finds six months ago, pieces were found bearing the names of Agesander, Polydorus and Athenodorus. These were sent to Rome to be studied by Professor Iacopi, the Superintendent of Antiquities. To-day a team of archæologists and workmen is still carefully digging the ground round the entrance to the Grotto and adding to the collection of fragments. Latest reports state that the total so far unearthed is over 5,600.

Each piece, however small, is labelled and then examined to see where it might fit into this vast-scale and fascinating jigsaw puzzle. It is obvious that all the fragments together would form much more than the Laocoön group, gigantic though it was. The central figure of the priest is estimated to have been about 20 ft. high—far larger than the Laocoön in the Vatican.

But, of course, the question still remains—was the original Laocoön here or is it in Rome? Pliny, who is the authority for the sculptors having been the three Rhodians, says that the statue was carved out of a single block. The Vatican group is carved from at least three pieces. Hitherto Pliny has been assumed to have been in error. But he may be proved right if and when it is possible to see how the Sperlonga statuary was assembled.

The best authorities put the date of the Vatican pieces at about 100 B.C. Yet some hold that it could be as late as A.D. 200. This would not necessarily invalidate the case for it being a copy of an earlier Laocoön. As work proceeds on the fragments at Sperlonga we should be nearer knowing the truth.

THE VILLAGE OF WANGCHENG : Built in the fields of Hertfordshire, near Boreham Wood, is a Chinese village called Wangcheng. During the last three months the fortified village has been constructed at the Elstree studios for the 20th Century-Fox film, *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness*. The site covers 500,000 sq. ft. On the left is a cut-out of Chinese houses, supported by scaffolding and seen from the rear. On the far right at the back of the village are more cut-outs of pagoda-like buildings, painted to give the illusion of solidity. Within the city walls are the village inn, a mandarin's palace, the market-place, a forge, and many authentic dilapidated houses. On the moat swim ten pairs of Muscovite ducks and in the streets piglets and Northern Chinese chickens mix with the inhabitants. Probably the bigget film set ever built in Europe, it cost £80,000.

CHINA IN HERTFORDSHIRE

A Huge Film Set for "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness"

SURROUNDED BY HOUSING ESTATES : Chinese "extras" and film technicians confer in the streets of Wangcheng. Everywhere inside the village exotic details of Chinese life have been carefully reconstructed. There are a hundred snake baskets, at least six rickshaws, bales of Chinese cloth, many tea-chests, and mongrel Chow dogs. In the yards of the houses are authentic pieces of farm equipment, mostly broken.

RIDING DOWN THE STREET: Ingrid Bergman, one of the stars of the film, rides on a donkey surrounded by "extras." The film also stars Robert Donat and Curt Jurgens. Only the electric cable spoils the illusion of the Orient.

Above—**THE JEFFERSON MEMORIAL:** Almost entirely surrounded by water, this Ionic temple in white marble is reminiscent of Jefferson's design for his own home of Monticello, in Virginia. In the background are the wharves of Washington Channel.

On right—**OVER THE POTOMAC:** Bridges span the river carrying traffic into the capital. In the background are the spire of the Washington Monument and the white dome of the Jefferson Memorial. Round the Memorial grow some of the famous cherry trees.

THE PENTAGON: Built on the Virginia side of the Potomac is the headquarters of the United States Department of Defence. Each floor is formed of five concentric rings connected by ten spokelike corridors. Joining it to Washington is a complicated system of roads, with clover-leaf and over-and-under passes (in the foreground). Over 30,000 people work in this mammoth office building, which was built during the last war. Many stories are told about the bewildering complexity of the 17½ miles of corridors in the building.

Washington is almost unique among the capital cities of the world in that it was expressly designed by its founders as the administrative centre for their country. The task of planning the city was given by President Washington to a French military engineer in the Army of the Revolution, Pierre Charles L'Enfant. Choosing Capitol Hill as the centre, he laid out wide avenues to radiate in every direction. These cross the lettered and numbered streets which bisect each other at right-angles, making a pattern like that of graph paper. Where the main avenues cross these streets, parks, circles and squares were planned.

With only a few deviations, this design has been followed in the development of the city. In recent years, the great building programme in the Federal Triangle, which stretches practically from the White House to the grounds of the Capitol, has been based on the L'Enfant plans.

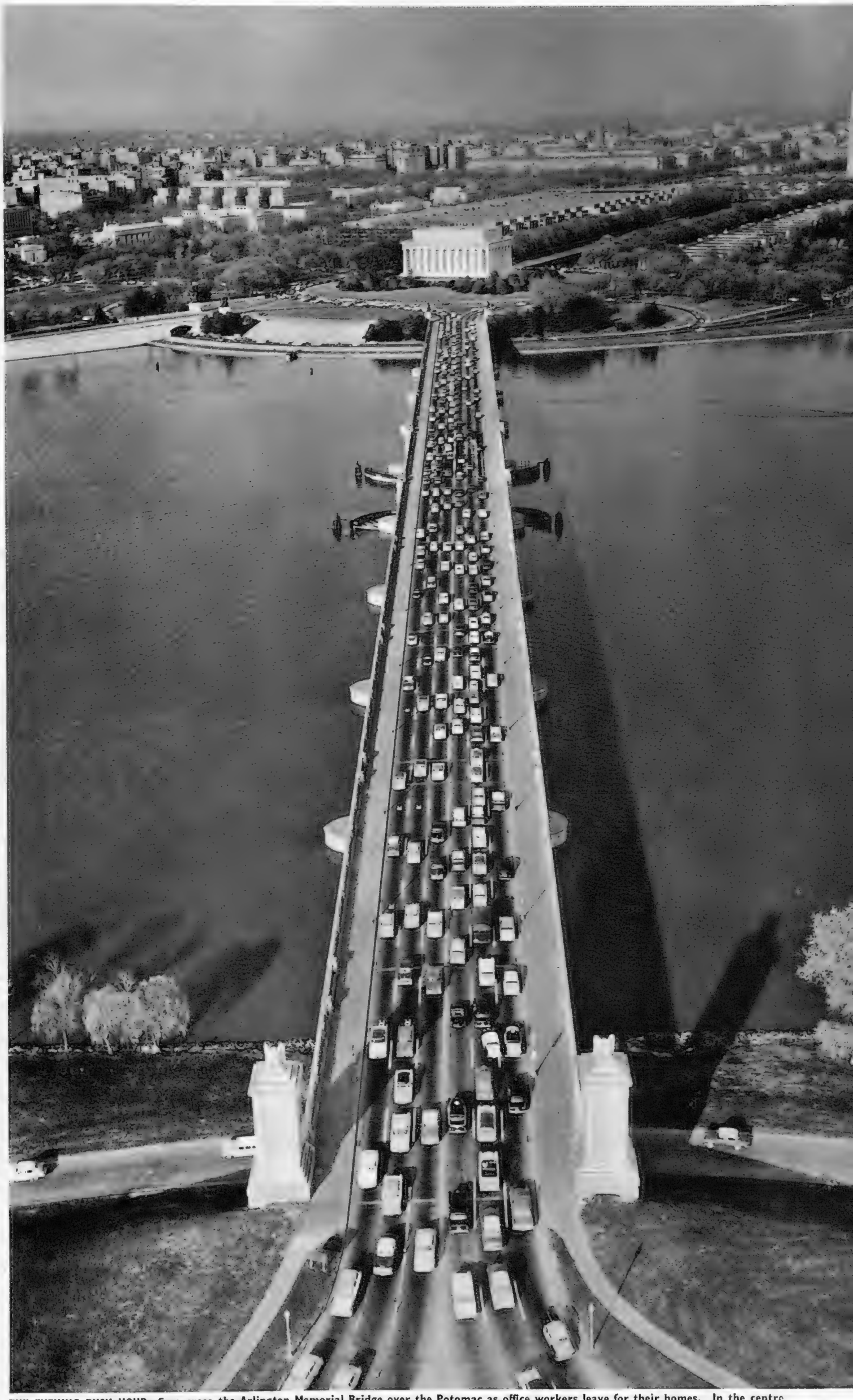
Dominating Washington is the Capitol, standing on an eminence 90 ft. high. The building, which was started in 1793, has suffered many setbacks. Federal funds for its construction ran out and a lottery was held in Maryland to raise money. A temporary brick building inside the walls was built for the House of Representatives. Then in the war of 1812, British soldiers set fire to it, and Congress had to meet in a hotel. To-day its great rotunda, surmounted by the statue of Freedom and flanked by two wings in a neo-classic style, forms the centrepiece of the city.

A mile away down Pennsylvania Avenue is the White House, the official home of the President. All the Presidents of the United States, except Washington, have lived in this late eighteenth-century Renaissance-style building. The town house of the Dukes of Leinster, in Dublin, was the model for the original building, which was burnt during the war of 1812. To-day it resembles a country house rather than a State residence.

Washington is full of massive blocks of administrative and office buildings, and it is claimed there are no slums and no factories. Perhaps the most striking feature of this city on the banks of the Potomac is the number of statues and memorials. Near the river is the Washington Monument, a hollow shaft of Maryland marble, 555 ft. high. Also made from white marble is the Lincoln Memorial, which contains the monolithic statue of Abraham Lincoln seated in a chair, facing out towards the Capitol. Surrounding the Jefferson Memorial and the adjacent tidal basin are the cherry trees, which usually bloom in April and attract thousands of visitors. For the most part owned by the citizens of the United States themselves, Washington is one of the most gracious of the capital cities.

ON THE POTOMAC

Some of the Buildings of Washington Seen from the Air



THE EVENING RUSH HOUR: Cars cross the Arlington Memorial Bridge over the Potomac as office workers leave for their homes. In the centre background is the Lincoln Memorial. Set in a circular lawn 1,200 ft. in diameter, the building is of white Colorado marble. There are thirty-six Doric columns representing the States of the Union at the time of Lincoln's death. Inside is a monumental seated statue of Lincoln.

DANCING TIME IN CORNWALL

In Helston, the Furry Dance has Become a Traditional Ceremony; of its Kind it is the Most Perfect Thing in England

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I HAVE the fondest memories of Helston: because of a great kindness done to me in that town on my first visit years ago. I was walking back from the Land's End to Hampshire and sleeping "rough," which is not a practice likely to improve one's personal appearance. I had made a detour to visit Breage (the village should really be called St. Breage, I believe) because I had heard about the remarkably fine wall-paintings in the fifteenth-century church and because Breage has, anyway, a very special claim to fame. It is surely the only place in the world to be named after a midwife, and a very exceptional midwife at that, for St. Breaca is, so far as I know, the only member of that essential profession to have been canonised.

This is one of the pleasantest things about these Cornish saints. If you dig down into their life stories you almost always come across something eccentric and very human. Take St. Breaca, for instance. She was an Irish lady, the sister of St. Euny who, presumably inspired by the example of her brother and many other Irish missionaries, set sail from Ireland sometime in the sixth century with twelve young women, and a man to steer the boat. He was not very good at steering the boat, because he somehow managed to miss the north coast of Cornwall altogether and landed up in Mount's Bay which, as you will see from the map, was quite an achievement. Breaca and her twelve young ladies came ashore to convert the women of Cornwall. The men of the neighbourhood held other views, and Breaca's young women proved to be realists: not one preferred death to dishonour.

Breaca escaped dishonour—for obvious reasons, I imagine—and also death. That just goes to prove that the Cornish have always been a very far-sighted race. For Breaca was a good midwife and she did so well by the twelve young things in her charge (and also for the local ladies from time to time) that she ended up by marrying the king and becoming a saint. I will not vouch for the story, I will even admit that I find the "marrying the king" bit a little difficult to swallow, but I like it, for it tells you quite a lot about the Cornish as well: nice and human and rather unexpected and economical.

Except for the wall-paintings and this pleasant piece of legend, I cannot remember anything about Breage. I remember it and the country around as looking rather forlorn and neglected. I do not mean that it was badly farmed or anything like that, but just that it was not visited and did not look as if it expected to be: as if it knew that it was between well-known beauty spots and had got used to people rushing through. Perhaps that was because it was raining.

It began to rain just before I reached Breage. By the time I left, it had settled to a real Cornish rain, driving almost parallel to the ground on a strong southerly wind. There is nothing wetter and by the time I reached Helston, I was soaked and chilled and miserable. It was getting late by then, and as I came up the steep main street, in search of shelter and something to eat, I was hailed by a complete stranger. He said I looked as if I needed a dry and a warm and took me into his home. I cannot now remember anything about him except his name (which was Roberts) and the fact that he kept a shop and lived over it, had a wife who was a quite exceptional cook, and a beautiful cat, and that he would not accept a penny for his hospitality. It was a long time before I went to Helston again, and then I could not find the shop. But it remains the kindest thing that has ever happened to me at the hands of a stranger (I had at least a week's growth of beard and must, even apart from that, have been looking singularly unpleasant) and the memory of it has coloured the whole of Helston for me ever since.

Not, mind you, that Helston is not a delightful little town in its own right: it is. Once, it was one of the leading towns of the West Country and not just of Cornwall. It was one of the four coinage towns of Cornwall, and the fact is remembered in Coinagehall Street. The coinage towns did not have the right to issue their own coinage, they were the towns to which, four times a year, the tin ore was brought to be tested by officers of the Duchy of Cornwall. If the tin were up to the required standard it was stamped with the arms of the Duchy. Tin that was stamped paid a tax of four shillings per hundredweight, and the money so gathered went to swell the income of the Duke of Cornwall.

All that has long since ceased, and so has Helston's importance among the towns of the West Country. To-day, it is no more than a small market-town, the railway centre of a district which specialises in the growing of early flowers and vegetables. It still has an air about it, a certain graciousness (commonly described now as "quaintness") which belongs to a departed age. I suppose that the one memory of Helston which sticks in the mind of every visitor is that of the two streams running beside the pavements down each side of Coinage-Hall Street, which is the steep main street of the town. Somebody once said that it looked as if a water main at the top of the hill had burst. It is not at all a bad description, for the water in the little rivulets is beautifully clear.

Everyone notices the water in the main street, for you cannot help doing so. Not everyone notices the lake, because they do not go round, so to speak, to the back of Helston and it is from the back of Helston, through odd corners in back streets and from upper windows, that you get the best views of it. You can look out on what might be a little bit of Lake Como, in northern Italy. It is not nearly so large, but it is the largest lake in the West of England.

Helston, of course, is famous, not for beauty, not for history, not even for water in the main street, but for a dance: the Helston Furry, which strangers call the Helston Flora. This takes place on May 8 to a tune which everybody knows. But nobody knows the origin of the thing, and nobody knows when it started.

It has been suggested that the Furry is Roman in origin, a survival of the *Floralia* which used to be held in Rome in honour of the goddess Flora, and that the word Furry is no more than a corruption of Flora. I must say that I find this difficult to accept, for I do not believe that Roman influence was ever sufficiently strong so far west. I do not believe that Furry has anything to do with "foray," that the dance is the celebration of the defeat of a foray by marauding Saxon pirates. I find the simple explanation that Furry is simply the Cornish *fer*=a fair, and that is an excuse for jollification.

DANCING IN THE RAIN AND SUN: Despite the rain, children dance through the streets of the Cornish town in traditional fashion on the day of the Helston Furry. *On left*—The dance for adults at noon is the most important of the day. It is a kind of slow polka.

Obviously, it is pre-Christian in origin, and its roots lie in some pagan religious festival: the Hal-an-Tow song makes this plain enough. All that, whatever it was, has long since been forgotten and the day is now a holiday for the whole town. The holiday is taken in the proper spirit all right, but I do not think I would call the Furry Dance itself a jollification. It must have been so once, but now it has become a civic occasion, of interest to people far outside the town (in most years you will find one or two camera-happy Americans in the crowd), and the dancers are fittingly decorous. I am not referring to the dress of those taking part, though I have often wondered why the gentlemen wear top-hats, but to the manner. Once, I feel sure, the whole affair was a deal more robust.

The Furry Dance has grown up with the years and now it is stately and, I find, strangely impressive. It begins at 7 a.m., but I have never seen that, and this is followed by the Children's Dance at 10 and the full adult affair, in top hats, at noon. There is a further adult dance in the evening, but by then the holiday is beginning to be manifest. It is the noon dance that is the important affair. The dance, which goes in and out of the houses as well as through the streets, is a sort of slow polka, the steps of which the women of all ages perform with wonderful grace and the men at least with dignity.

The Furry Dance has become a traditional ceremony, and one which I hope will never die. But the Children's Dance, though also, of course, traditional, loses nothing of its freshness year by year. It is wholly delightful: a lot of little girls in white, keeping time to the catchy repetitive tune with perfect rhythm and unstudied grace. And they look so happy, too. Here of its kind is the most perfect thing in England.

THE LONDON TO BIRMINGHAM MOTORWAY: The route of the new motorway passes close to the Hockwell Ring Estate, near Luton, in Bedfordshire. Excavators and bulldozers are at work removing the topsoil. The work on the highway, which will cost £20,000,000, was inaugurated in March, when Mr. Watkinson, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, gave the signal to start at a ceremony at Slip End, near Luton Hoo, in Bedfordshire. The road, beginning near St. Albans, will join the main trunk of the motorway near Luton. From Slip End the road follows a north-westerly route to Watford Gap, near Ashby St. Ledgers, in Northamptonshire. There a spur road will branch off towards Birmingham, joining the Dunchurch by-pass. Eventually the motorway will continue to Yorkshire.

NORTHWARDS FROM LONDON

The Work in Progress on the London-Birmingham Motorway and the Great North Road

WORK COMPLETED: Vehicles travel north on the new road (on the left) which is part of the road improvement scheme for the Great North Road. This stretch of highway at Alconbury Hill, near Norman Cross, in Huntingdonshire, was completed last year. On the right vehicles move south on the old winding road. Various schemes, of which this one is complete, are in progress in Huntingdonshire to provide two carriageways side by side. Eventually the work will be extended to modernise the whole of the Great North Road where it is inadequate.

On left—

WORK IN PROGRESS: The broad path of the new London to Birmingham motorway stretches across the countryside. The field on the left, at Chaul End Lane, near Luton, was reprieved so that a football team could finish the season playing on its own ground. The project is planned for 67 miles of roadway, including the 12 miles of the St. Albans by-pass, to be completed in nineteen months. At an average, one mile of double carriageway will have to be completed every nine days and before the road can be laid down 150 bridges will have to be built at an average of one every three days. The main trunk of the motorway will be 36 ft. wide. A 575-ft. viaduct will be built to span the River Nene, in Northamptonshire.

A FAMOUS RUSSIAN THEATRE COMPANY WHICH IS DUE TO OPEN ITS FIRST SEASON IN LONDON AT THE SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE NEXT WEEK : Members of the Moscow Art Theatre are grouped in the first Act of *The Three Sisters*. The play is one of three by Chekov which the Company is presenting at Sadler's Wells in a four-week season beginning next Thursday (May 15). *The Troubled Past*, by Leonid Rakhmanov, is also in the programme. This will be the first visit ever made by the Moscow Art Theatre to Britain.

MOSCOW PLAYERS IN LONDON

The Art Theatre Opens a Month's Season Next Week

SCENES FROM "THE THREE SISTERS" : *Left*—Rayissa Maximova as Irina (on the left); Kira Ivanova as Olga (centre), and Margerite Yuryeva as Masha. London is to have the première of a new production of the play. These three young actresses have not yet been seen in these roles in Moscow. *Right*—With them are, from left, Y. Koltzov (Tuzenbakh); Y. Leonidov (Solyony) and P. Massalsky (Vershinin).

Anton Chekov and the Moscow Art Theatre will always be closely associated. Stanislavski, who with V. N. Danchenko founded the theatre in 1898, may be said to have discovered Chekov. The success of his plays under Stanislavski's direction in the early years of this century brought the dramatist world-wide fame. It also gave the theatre an international reputation which it has since maintained. The Art (sometimes incorrectly translated as "Arts") is to Russian drama what the Bolshoi is to Russian ballet.

On Thursday of next week (May 15) the Moscow Company begins a month of performances at the Sadler's Wells Theatre in London. It is pleasant that their first visit to Britain coincides with the sixtieth anniversary of the theatre's foundation. The programme consists of three plays by Chekov—*The Cherry Orchard*, *The Three Sisters* and *Uncle Vanya*—and a play by a contemporary Soviet dramatist, Leonid Rakhmanov, entitled *The Troubled Past*. Two of the Chekov plays will be entirely new productions, having their world premières in London.

One of these is *The Cherry Orchard*, with which the season opens. The direction is by Victor Stanitsin and new settings are the work of Silitch. Although the production is new, one of the first points to be noticed in the list of the cast is the continuity of tradition in the Moscow Art Theatre. Madame Ranevskaya is played by Alla Tarasova. She is only the second actress to have this role in the sixty years' history of the theatre. Until comparatively recently, Ranevskaya was Olga Knipper, Chekov's widow, who played the part on the very first night in 1904. For many years Tarasova played Anya, the daughter, to Knipper's Ranevskaya.

The second production having its world première is *The Three Sisters*. In it three young actresses—Rayissa Maximova, Margerite Yuryeva and Kira Ivanova—will be making their debut as Irina, Masha and Olga. London will see their performances before they have appeared in these roles in Moscow. The production of *Uncle Vanya* is in the hands of Madame Kedrova, one of Russia's most distinguished women producers. In the cast are two of the Soviet Union's greatest stage stars, Vassilye Orlov (in the title-part) and Vera Popov.

The Troubled Past will be performed less frequently than the Chekov plays. Rakhmanov's theme set against the background of the Revolution is concerned with a scientist who is completely absorbed in his work but eventually reaches an understanding of its consequences for ordinary people. It may not be a very original subject, but *The Troubled Past* is extremely popular in Russia.

The performances of all the plays throughout the month will be in Russian. However, no one need be put off by this, for the elaborate programmes in English will contain full synopses scene by scene.

If any other language was used, much would be lost of the atmosphere of the Art Theatre. As it is, the audiences will feel themselves transported, as it were, for a few hours to Moscow. All the conventions observed by the company at home will be maintained in London. For instance, there is the tradition of sharing out the parts so that in a season every actor and actress has a chance of displaying their full talents. Thus no one should be surprised to find a leading player in one drama appearing in another in a very minor or even walking-on part.

The programmes will contain a note requesting that no applause is given until the end of a whole performance, as is the custom in Moscow. And let Londoners be aware of a very strict rule in the Art Theatre. Latecomers are not permitted to enter the auditorium until the first interval. So those who intend to enjoy the evening to the full should make a point of arriving early.

"UNCLE VANYA": Anapoly Khtorov is the Professor in the third of the Chekov plays being presented by the Moscow Art Theatre. In their London performances the Company will observe two of its strict rules. Latecomers will not be able to enter the auditorium until after the first interval, and no applause is requested until the finish of the last act.

A WORLD PREMIERE FOR LONDON: Angelina Stepanova (as Carlotta) goes through her tricks and ventriloquist act to entertain the household in *The Cherry Orchard*. Sergei Lukanyov (Lopakhin) is kneeling. Larissa Kachanov (Anya) is second from right. A new production with new settings will have its world première at Sadler's Wells.

On left—

STARS OF THE MOSCOW THEATRE: Alla Tarasova, who plays Madame Ranevskaya, and Sergei Lukanyov (Lopakhin) in *The Cherry Orchard*. Tarasova is only the second actress to have the part of Ranevskaya in Moscow Art Theatre productions. In the original production at the theatre in 1904 Chekov's widow, Olga Knipper, took the role and she continued to play it until comparatively recently.

CHEKOV'S MOST FAMOUS PLAY: Alla Tarasova (Ranevskaya), sitting on the left, entertains Pavel Massalsky (in the part of Gaieff) in *The Cherry Orchard*. Standing are, from the left, Sergei Lukanyov (Lopakhin); Alexis Gribov (Firce) and Mikhail Yanshin (Semyonon-Pischick). The plays in the Sadler's Wells season will be presented in Russian.

A CONTEMPORARY SOVIET DRAMA: Georgy Koltsov is the Professor and Olga Androskaya is his wife in *The Troubled Past*. This play is by Leonid Rakhmanov.

THE CAPITAL OF THE TYROL: The Maria-Theresienstrasse, the main thoroughfare of Innsbruck, is famous for its handsome seventeenth- and eighteenth-century houses. Behind it rise the mountains which encircle the town. Situated on the right bank of the River Inn, Innsbruck became the imperial city of the Habsburgs in the fifteenth century and contains many monuments to their rule, including the sarcophagus of Maximilian surrounded by 28 bronze statues.

The Sphere of Travel

THE MAGIC OF THE TYROL

Holiday Centres in the Splendid Scenery of Mountains and Forests

By GORDON COOPER

DESPITE the intensity of outside competition, Austria still retains its strong hold on the affections of British holidaymakers, most of whom are quite content to return to this exciting and stimulating land year after year. There is the attraction of very reasonable prices, but that is by no means the only reason for its lure, for this country has great gifts to offer the visitor who decides to visit her historic cities, ancient towns, story-book hamlets set amid glorious mountains and vast forests, with often dreaming rivers running by, all contributing to make sure that you come away richer in mind, heart and health at the end of your holiday. In addition, the people have a delightful personality, so well expressed by that untranslatable word *gemütlich*, which certainly covers such admirable human traits as cheerfulness, jollity and easy-going companionship.

Of the nine Austrian provinces, Tyrol is undoubtedly the favourite with Britons, and it is a well-deserved popularity which has been maintained for many years. For generations we have gone there, and will continue to do so. There is a fascination about its very name which stirs the imagination and conjures up memories of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese national hero; Innsbruck, with its world-famed Maria-Theresienstrasse; Berg Isel, the scene of three mountain battles in 1809; yodellers, national costumes, village bands and Schuhplattler dances; woods, mountain pastures, the tinkle of cow-bells, lonely stretches of ice and rock, a wonderful centre for winter sports and for summer walks.

The journey, whether by road or rail, through Tyrol is a thrilling experience, for you pass through breath-taking scenery almost the whole way. Then there are several cable railways up some of the mountains which are masterpieces of engineering construction and afford from their summits vast and magnificent panoramas of landscape.

The branch valleys of this western corridor into Austria are brilliant pathways to the sky, but they all terminate just before reaching this goal. Generally a glacier stops them, sometimes a sheer wall of rock. Occasionally, however, they scramble up to some convenient saddle in the high Alps, rest there for a moment and then tumble down the other side into Germany, Switzerland or Italy.

One of the loveliest of these valleys in west Tyrol is the Oetztal, which starts by branching off south from the main Inn Valley at a point midway between the Arlberg Pass and Innsbruck. Its resorts include Oetz, Soelden, Hochsoelden, Ober-Gurgl and Vent. Ober-Gurgl claims to be the highest parish village in Europe (6,350 ft.), and it is a particularly delightful place, being surrounded by magnificent mountain slopes.

Two other solitary places reached from the Oetztal are Gries im Sulztal and Kuehtai—at the last-named the former hunting castle of the Habsburgs has been converted into a comfortable hotel. I feel sure that anyone who decides to take a holiday in one or other of the small Alpine villages in this valley will not be disappointed. Incidentally, one of the hotel proprietors at Hochsoelden has organised a regular service by "jeep" to the great peak of the Wildspitze. It is a hair-raising journey taking you up to the world of ice and snow, and one of the high-spots is the Rettenbach Glacier, whence there is a unique panorama of the mountains.

A prospectus before me claims, probably without exaggeration, "100 Mountains over 10,000 ft., 100 Mountain Lakes, 100 Glaciers," for the Oetztal's sphere of influence. At the same time, remember that there are many other lovely and majestic valleys and villages in Tyrol. To the south of the Inn there is the Paznauntal, whose two lofty resorts are Galtuer and Ischgl, while through this valley runs the new Silvretta-Alpine road, a marvellous piece of engineering, twisting and turning by countless hairpin bends, passing over the summit at a height of 7,000 ft. and then bringing you down into the Montafon Valley in the province of Vorarlberg.

North of the Inn are the resorts of Berwang, Lermoos and Ehrwald. From the last-named a cable railway leads up to the Zugspitze, Germany's highest mountain, and it is possible to make an interesting round excursion by way of Garmisch-Partenkirchen, while even Munich can be visited on a day-trip. All this country is lovely, and for those who like a good centre for excursions I recommend the attractive town of Reutte.

A very popular Tyrolean centre, both in summer and winter, is the famous resort of St. Anton, where the main railway emerges from the six-mile-long Arlberg tunnel. Its position on rail and bus routes makes it a good base for excursions, while many mountain walks are available. At the same time, if you go there, I suggest you choose your hotel with care, for along the main road which traverses the town there is a constant flow of buses and cars, with their accompanying noises. I would prefer to recommend Seefeld, an Alpine resort on a high plateau. It is very popular with British visitors and offers excellent opportunities for fairly easy walks. This same kind of commendation also applies to Pertisau on the Achen See, the largest and longest of the Tyrolean lakes, whose colour is so deep a blue that it is almost violet. For those who like bathing, sailing, fishing, climbing, idling, and chatting with their compatriots, then Pertisau is the

IN PACKING FOR YOUR HOLIDAY ABROAD

Remember to include:

(1) A shoe-cleaning outfit, especially if going to Spain.

(2) A pocket torch in your car.

(3) A towel, for it is useful on trains and for an unexpected bathe.

(4) Even in hot countries it can get chilly. Always take a woolly with you; also a light mac.

(5) A light rug or groundsheet is often useful on a beach.

(6) Ear-plugs, for street noises abroad can rob you of sleep otherwise.

(7) Sun-glasses; and soap.

(8) A Thermos; for it keeps cold drinks cold as well as hot drinks hot. It can save you money, too.

(9) Sweets are often expensive abroad, so take your requirements. Glucose sweets are good for tiredness.

(10) An air cushion that can also be used as a bag.

(11) A light pair of slippers is a boon to the feet on long train or plane journeys.

(12) Toilet-paper, a small first-aid tin, Alka-Seltzer and aspirin.

DAY TRIPS

TO BRUSSELS BY AIR

Anyone who must visit the Brussels Exhibition and who has not very much time to spare will be attracted by the new service operated by Skyways from Lympne to Antwerp Airport, which is only a few miles from the Exhibition grounds. It will be possible to reach Antwerp by 9.30 a.m. A coach will be waiting to take passengers to the Exhibition, where the whole day can be spent. The return journey can be made the same day from Antwerp Airport at 5.45 p.m., arriving at Lympne at 7 p.m. Two hours later the visitor should be back in London. The fare will be £12 18s. return, plus the cost of the coach journey in Belgium. There will be two flights a day in each direction. By this means the problem of finding suitable accommodation in Brussels at short notice will be solved.

Motorists will be delighted to hear that they can now take their cars to Norway or Denmark without triptyques or carnets. Only a driving licence, the car's registration book and a temporary exportation certificate are necessary. Other countries allowing this tourist "freedom" include: France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg.

The train journey between Paris and Milan will be cut by one hour after June 1, for all expresses by the Simplon route will have been electrified.

The new "executive ticket" issued by P. & O. and the Orient Lines for travel between this country and Australia should prove most attractive to the man in a hurry who also wishes to enjoy the relaxation afforded by a sea voyage. With this new ticket you can fly from London to Naples, stay there for

place to choose, even though I myself much prefer nearby Rattenberg.

I must stress that Rattenberg is not a holiday resort in the accustomed sense of the term, but is rather a Mecca for artists and for those who are satisfied to stay in a typical Austrian town with its many delightful street pictures. It claims to be the oldest town in Austria.

Rattenberg comes on you quite suddenly. Your train emerges from a short tunnel, and you arrive forthwith at its tiny station. The castle on the knoll, the spires and cupolas of its churches, and the mountainside behind, all combine to present a dream-like picture. And if you want to follow my example in this Gothic town, then you will lodge simply, but hospitably, in the Gasthof Lederebräu, with its large bedrooms, rambling passages and 6-ft.-thick walls.

West of Rattenberg is a branching, southward valley—the Zillertal. Here are several pleasant resorts, including Mayrhofen, Ginzling, Hintertux, Gerlos and Zell am Ziller. It was at the Gasthof Brau in Zell am Ziller that I once enjoyed the most delicious trout I've ever tasted. But you will find comfortable inns in all these villages, while Mayrhofen is one of the largest resorts in Tyrol and is sometimes rather crowded with tourists; still, even a few hundred yards away you can easily escape from the crowds.

My own especial favourite spot in the valleys of Tyrol is Alpbach, an old village situated amid a romantic Alpine environment. Its chief attractiveness comes from the distinctive architecture of the village itself. The feature of most of the houses is a series of wooden balconies running all round the building, protected by a broad roof with overhanging eaves. In summer Alpbach becomes the home of the so-called European Forum, a series of holiday courses for students from all countries who gather there to hear lectures on the arts and science and philosophy, and to study languages. These summer schools have as their object the promotion of closer understanding among the peoples of different nationalities in Europe. The Forum dates from 1945, and many eminent lecturers attend.

If you want to be further away from the world, then a little farther on beyond Alpbach is the small village of Inner Alpbach, where the road ends and there is a comfortable inn. This is, frankly, an escapist haunt and will appeal to walkers, for along the little-used footpaths you can climb into the western mountains of the Kitzbueler Alps.

This brings me, with many omissions as I am well aware, to fashionable Kitzbuehel. This two-seasonal resort is charming at any time. Gaily-frescoed houses, aglow with flowers at every window, brighten the main street. Their hugely overhanging roofs suggest an operetta village, not places where real people live and work and cater for tourists. Even at the town hall one feels that the city fathers must have a civic music-box to entertain them while they discuss such mundane affairs as rates and taxes.

From a practical point of view I would say that Kitzbuehel tends to be too popular nowadays. It is picturesque but expensive. It has the finest collection of cable railways and chair-lifts and funi-luges in Austria, and they keep on providing more every season, for the demand seems insatiable. It is advisable, too, to book your accommodation well in advance. As an excursion centre, this resort is excellent. Trips by rail and road can be made in every direction and the network of woodland and mountain paths which surround the town on all sides is probably more extensive than that of any other resort in Tyrol.

Last, but by no means least, among the tourist attractions of Tyrol is the provincial capital of Innsbruck. It is surely no exaggeration to claim that this former imperial city sitting deep beneath its mountains beside the green stream of the Inn is as lovely a spot as any in Europe. The scene is dramatic, too, especially when the mountains that form a perfect background are shrouded in cloud; and then there comes the sudden lifting of the curtain and you look up on the Hungerburg and Hafelekar and see the lights in their houses twinkling overhead, and it is hard to believe they are not stars in the sky.

I love Innsbruck, where I hope to be when these lines appear, and can dawdle away time there with delight. Once again I shall visit the Hofkirche with its magnificent sarcophagus of Maximilian surrounded by twenty-eight bronze statues, including one of our King Arthur. Once again I shall look on the *Goldenes Dachl* (Golden Roof) and eat at the nearby historic Goldener Adler, laze and drink *Kaffee mit Schlag* at Schindlers, and stroll through the narrow streets and past the ancient houses of the old town, whistling a snatch of Strauss to show my happiness. And I will probably think that this delightful town is as satisfying to the tourist as any in Austria possibly even in all Europe.

For further information :

Austrian State Tourist Department, 219, *Regent Street, London, W.*1.

Specialist travel agents for Austria :

F. and W. Ingham Ltd., 26, *Old Bond Street, London, W.*1.
Erna Low Travel Service Ltd., 47, *Old Brompton Road, S.W.*7.

A SMALL ALPINE VILLAGE: Matrei, in East Tyrol, is a centre for many walks in the wooded mountains which surround it. In the left background towers the peak of the Tauerntal.

SURROUNDED BY SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS AND FORESTS: Near Lienz is the small, charming village of Winklern, in the Lienz Dolomites. Here a holiday can be had amid magnificent scenery. An excursion is possible to the Gross Glockner, the highest mountain in Austria, over 12,000 ft. Also not far away is the Pasterzen-Kees glacier.

the night join your ship and at Fremantle continue by air to Sydney. Tickets can also be made out to Adelaide or Melbourne, but all of them are only available for first-class travel. By this ingenious arrangement you spend only sixteen days at sea. And that time can be profitably spent, for a shorthand-typist can be provided on board at £1 an hour. Incidentally, your heavy baggage can be conveyed all the way by sea, thus avoiding the limitations imposed by air travel.

The business traveller visiting Paris who is anxious to bring back with him that half-bottle of spirits which the Customs allow him to take through as a privilege, is well advised to buy it on the plane or on the ship, where he will find it cheaper than in France. For an example, a half-bottle of brandy costs 12s. 6d. on a cross-Channel steamer but in Paris it costs 975 francs, approximately 17s. 6d.

It seems rather early to think about January 1959, but on Saturday, 17th of that month, at 10 p.m., the *Andes* will leave Southampton for a winter cruise lasting forty-four days. The itinerary, which largely covers the West Indies, also includes New Orleans, where on February 10 passengers will have an opportunity of joining in the world-famous Mardi Gras celebrations. Other places visited on this extensive cruise are Las Palmas, Trinidad, La Guaira, Jamaica, Havana, Curaçao, Barbados and Lisbon. Prices vary according to the cabins chosen, from £380 to £810. A suite for one or two persons will cost £2,020. One virtue of the R.M.S. *Andes* is that all passengers can be served in the two dining-rooms at one time, and stabilisers ensure a happy Atlantic crossing.

W. D. C. C.

THE CRAFT OF RUSH WEAVING

To-day, an Increasing Number of Articles for the Home are Made from this Material

Although little is known of the origins of rush weaving, the material has certainly been used—either loose or woven—since the time of the Anglo Saxons. Its use is varied but before carpeting became widespread it was mainly laid as a floor covering. It plays an important part in the handicraft work of to-day and of the numerous "nick-nack" articles found in British homes it is almost certain that at least one or two will have been made from rushes. In the main, however, the material is used for basketry and chair seating.

Many types of rushes are known and not all of these are grown in Britain. That used for plaiting is popularly known as the fresh-water rush, or, to give it its correct name, *Scirpus lacustris*. It can be found in great quantity in parts of Bedfordshire, Huntingdon, Northamptonshire, Norfolk and Warwickshire, especially in the beds of the Rivers Ouse, Nene, Lovat and Avon. The spongy green cylindrical stems are anything up to 1 in. thick at the base and grow to a height of up to 6 ft. These stems are leafless and end in a bunch of chocolate-brown flowered spikelets about four inches long.

The salt or golden rush, grown in Holland, is imported for use in chair seating. The other varieties include the common rush, which grows not in water but in wet or boggy ground; the bulrush; the sedge (used by the thatchers) and marram grass. This latter type of rush is grown on sand dunes and used in Anglesey for a specially fine type of basket and mat which is little known outside Wales. Distinct from all these varieties is the marsh reed, *Phragmites communis*, which has a hard, woody stem and is well known in Norfolk as a thatching material. Rushes need no cultivation, but it is essential they are cut regularly every two years in order to prevent the river beds clogging up with weeds and thus preventing the rushes from growing straight and to their maximum height.

Cutting is usually carried out during the months of July and August when the seed pods are ripening. Choosing the right moment is a skill gained only by experience and the colour and the durability of rush products are very much dependent on this. They are usually cut with a sickle or bagging hook which is sometimes fixed to a pole 7 or 8 ft. in length. One of the secrets of good cutting is a neat sever below the surface and as near to the roots as possible. It is important that the rushes are not bent in any way, otherwise they break at the same point on completion of the drying process.

After cutting, the rushes are washed clear of mud and weeds and are then spread out to dry in the shade—too much sun bleaches and weakens them, just as rain mottles them and spoils their colour. They must not be laid on top of each other as this will lead to rotting. The drying or curing process takes about ten days to a fortnight; but some experts say that six weeks are needed. When cured correctly the rushes can be bent or twisted without injury to the fibre. The colour is also affected by this process. Quick drying gives a green colour, while a longer period makes them brown or yellow. After drying they are carefully stored in bundles in a dry, airy shed.

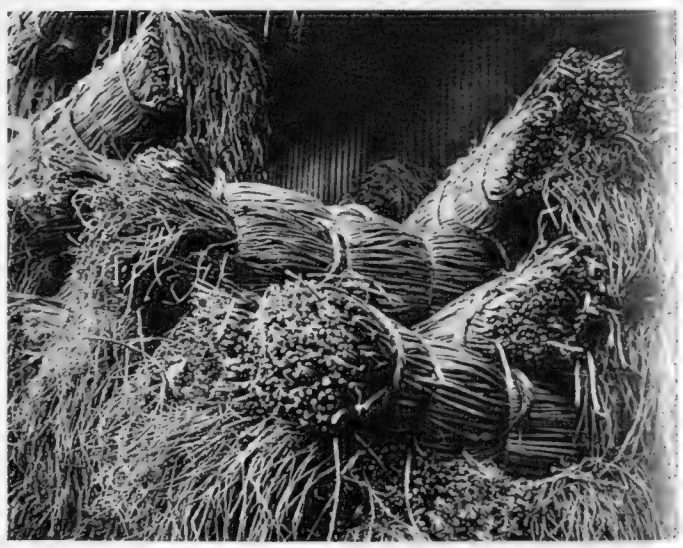
This operation completed, the rushes are then sorted into lengths. The longest and toughest are called "flags" or "coopers' rushes" and are used in barrels between the staves and bottom-boards. The shorter ones are used in matting and basketry. Before use they are damped (not soaked) and allowed to lie for about two hours. This makes them pliable and ready for plaiting.

Most rush articles to-day are made up from lengths of plaited rush stitched together with twine. The simplest plait is the common three-stranded one which produces a kind of rope. This can be stitched into a flat coil for mat-making, or round a drum-shaped mould into a spiral for making log-baskets. Plaits of five, seven, nine or more strands appear as flat bands of woven material, and their making is akin to weaving. Great skill is required when inserting new lengths of rush in order to avoid starting too many new ones in one place. Odd numbers of strands give an even selvedge on both sides, and the bands are stitched together to form floor coverings of various widths, sometimes measuring 20 ft. in length. They can also be sewn to form circular and other shaped mats which are becoming very popular and look attractive on a dining table.

Rush weaving as described is carried on in Norfolk, Suffolk, Wiltshire, Dorset and one or two other centres. In Norfolk and Suffolk large workshops exist and a number of girls and women produce floor coverings, baskets, table mats and other articles, for sale in department stores, shops and to contractors. The weaving of rush seats for chairs is now little practised, though Mr. Edward Gardiner, of Prior's Marston, Warwickshire, still harvests and prepares his own rushes for seating the ladder-back chairs (made to the designs of the late Ernest Gimson) produced in his workshop. The pictures accompanying this article were taken at workshops in Suffolk, one of the main rush-weaving centres, and show various aspects of the ancient craft.

PLAITING THE RUSH INTO BANDS: Plaits of five, seven, nine or more strands of rush are woven into flat bands at the workshops of Waveney Apple Growers Limited, near Beccles, Suffolk. These bands are then stitched together to make mats and other articles.

A TROUGH OF DAMP RUSHES: The simplicity of the raw material used in weaving is emphasised by this trough of rushes being plaited into a continuous band.



THE WEAVERS' RAW MATERIAL: The rush is stored in spacious and airy workshops in Suffolk. The types of rush usually used in weaving are the fresh-water rush and the salt or golden rush, which is imported in quantity from Holland.

A NEARLY COMPLETED BASKET: A rope of plaited rush is being coiled round a drum and stitched together. The drum is used to give a firm cylindrical shape to the basket. One type of basket in great demand is for logs.

STITCHING THE RUSH: Bands of plaited rush are being stitched together to make floor matting. Rush possesses a number of delicate colours ranging from sap-green through ripe straw colour to grey.

SUMMER EXHIBITION

At the Private View of the Royal Academy in London

This year's Summer Exhibition at Burlington House has been given a new look. Under the principal direction of Mr. James Fitton, the Hanging Committee has altered the traditional method of hanging the pictures. Instead of being confined to Galleries VII and VIII, those paintings which show the Academy's more "modern" tendencies are now distributed throughout the exhibition. Their generally more vivid colours and striking designs can now be seen even in Gallery III, which used to contain only the most conventional and formal paintings.

By this method of contrast, the virtues and qualities of the differing styles of painting can be appreciated. It is considered the liveliest Summer Exhibition for many years. Among the younger artists who have contributed is John Bratby, whose canvases are striking in colour and bold in execution. Included are also several abstract paintings and a subject picture by Stanley Spencer. Among those who have regularly had pictures on show and are represented again this year are Sir Alfred Munnings, Annigoni, Sir Gerald Kelly, Dame Laura Knight and Ruskin Spear.

THE SUBJECT OF THE PORTRAIT : Surrounded by visitors to the Private View of the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy, the Countess of Dalkeith stands near her portrait. This was painted by J. R. Merton and was given an "A" award by the Selection Committee. It was accepted on a unanimous vote. *On right—* **Arriving for the Private View the visitors face a battery of cameras as they pass through the main entrance of the Royal Academy.**

On left—

DRESSED FOR THE PRIVATE VIEW : Maisie and Alice Glenny wear traditional farmer's smocks and kid gloves, which they first wore twenty years ago. The jackets are copied from Van Gogh's "Portrait of a Young Man."

INSIDE BURLINGTON HOUSE : Visitors crowd the galleries as they look at the pictures chosen for this year's Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy. This year the Hanging Committee has departed from its traditional method of displaying the pictures.

GALLERY III : In this view are, at the rear, the portrait of the Queen, by Anthony Devas, left, background, the portrait of King Feisal of Iraq, by B. Fleetwood-Walker, and right, the portrait of the Crown Prince of Iraq, by Henry Carr.

ON THE BORDER OF ADEN AND YEMEN: The aerial picture shows a forbidding panorama of grim and barren mountains. Through country such as this, dissident Aden tribesmen and their Yemeni supporters moved to besiege the fort at Assarir, on the Aden side of the frontier near Dhala. A British Political Adviser and native Government Guards were surrounded for eight days before being relieved.

TROUBLE IN ADEN

Action on the Frontier and Patrols by British Troops in Other Parts of the Protectorate

BRITISH TROOPS PREPARE FOR ACTION: They have halted to camp in bleak desert country. In the advance on Fort Assarir men of the East Kent Regiment (The Buffs) and Aden Protectorate Levies met stronger resistance than was expected before they reached the beleaguered garrison. In the final fighting Venoms of the Royal Air Force gave support with rockets and cannon, and also dropped ammunition supplies to the British. On the ground, armoured cars provided covering fire.

The siege and relief of the little fort of Assarir, near the Yemeni border some 80 miles north of Aden, was part of a recognised pattern which may become even more familiar in the future. When Yemen joined the United Arab Republic it was expected that one of the consequences would be an increase of trouble in the Aden Protectorate. The anticipation has proved correct. Colonel Nasser, the driving force of the curious Egypt-Syria-Yemen association, has among his many ambitions the aim of getting Britain out of Aden. There can be little doubt that this subject has been mentioned in his talks with Mr. Khrushchev in the Kremlin. The obvious way to stir up unrest in the Protectorate is via Yemen.

In the middle of last month two companies of the East Kent Regiment (The Buffs) were flown to Aden from East Africa. Their task was to assist in the search for three leading figures in the Sultanate of Lahej for whom orders for arrest had been issued by the Governor of Aden. The three were alleged to have been "disrupting the good relations between her Majesty's Government and the rulers and people of the Aden Protectorate." One was apprehended but the other two could not be found. It was rumoured that they had gone to Yemen or to Egypt.

ON THE WATCH AGAINST REBEL ATTACKS: *Left*—Government Guards stand on a wall of the fort at Safra. This is one of a chain of British fortifications—Assarir is another—built along the Aden-Yemeni border, from which watch is kept continuously against raids from Yemen. *Right*—The Guards man the ramparts. Safra has a radio link with other posts and has a landing-ground for helicopters.

However, the Buffs were soon called to a sterner operation—trouble on the border. For years the frontier between Aden and Yemen has been the scene of endless incidents and minor battles, for the simple reason that the border-line has never been properly demarcated. With the accession of Yemen to the U.A.R., a recrudescence was inevitable of raids on the British fortresses or strong-points which endeavour to protect Aden from incursions by dissident tribesmen and their Yemeni allies.

Creeping through the bleak mountains which are the main feature of the area, a raiding party descended upon the fort at Assarir, between Dhala (in Aden) and Qataba (in Yemen). They surrounded it and started a siege. Inside the fort was a British Political Officer, Mr. Fitzroy Somerset, who had only recently arrived in the Protectorate, and a platoon of locally-recruited Government Guards. The British military authorities immediately began to take counter-measures.

Aircraft of the R.A.F. flew up to drop supplies to the besieged and to take whatever action was necessary with bombs and rockets to prevent the besiegers concentrating in strength. A mobile column was formed of The Buffs and Aden Protectorate Levies with armoured vehicles in support. It was, of course, a foregone conclusion that the fort would be eventually relieved. But the troops had to advance over extremely difficult country in which the raiding tribesmen had every advantage due to familiarity. And, let it not be forgotten, Yemen has been receiving arms from Russia for well over a year.

The final assault took place a week after the start of the siege. It was calculated that the attacking force was 1,500 strong against the tribesmen's 1,000. The British had to scale a 1,500-ft. escarpment on Mount Jihaf in the face of heavy fire from the rebels from positions naturally made for defence. Then there was an advance of two miles over a plateau before the relieving expedition could finally bring their fire to bear on those immediately around the fort. In the ascent of the escarpment a troop of armoured cars of the 13th and 18th Hussars gav supporting fire.

Shortly before night fell a company of the Levie under Major W. Boucher-Myers reached the beleaguere garrison and the siege of Assarir was over. The Buff who had met the strongest resistance soon followed ther in. Casualties were five British other ranks and seve Arab Levies wounded. According to those who wer able to observe the final battle, the rebels included severa Yemeni soldiers in uniform. R.A.F. planes continued t harass them in their withdrawal and an arms dump a Errukba was attacked from the air.

The tribesmen appeared to have scattered in man directions. Some almost certainly withdrew into Yemen Others, were believed to have gone south to Aden itsel and its neighbourhood. There a series of bomb-throwin incidents caused the Govenor, to declare a State o Emergency at the end of last week. Meanwhile, Colone Nasser and Mr. Khrushchev were continuing their talks i the Kremlin. Only those completely devoid of politica sense could regard events in Aden as of minor importanc

THE BUFFS ON PATROL : The group has constructed a camouflaged look-out post in Lahej. It was to this Sultanate that two companies of the Buffs were sent to arrest three leading local figures. From there some of them went north to relieve Assarir.

ARMOURED CARS ON THE MOVE : They are manned by British soldiers and Aden Protectorate Levies. Armoured units of this kind played their part in the operations for the relief of the fort of Assarir, which is some eighty miles north of Aden.

ON THE AIR STRIP AT DHALA : A Pembroke communications and transport aircraft is waiting to fly back to Aden. The runway ends below precipitous rocks. Dhala was the headquarters from which the relieving force was directed to Assarir.

IDEAL COVER FOR RAIDERS : From outside the fort at Safra one looks towards the hills and mountains of Yemen, which supply excellent hide-outs from which raiders can swoop across the border. Qataba is the first place of any size over the Yemeni frontier.

DE-FUELLING THE "CORPORAL": Dressed in protective clothing, men of the 47th Guided Weapons Regiment (Field), R.A., drain fuel from the engine. The *Corporal*, which is made in the U.S.A., is powered by a jet propulsion unit consisting of a liquid-propellant rocket engine made by the Ryan Aeronautical Co. Now training near Aldershot is the first British regiment to be equipped with guided missiles. It will probably go to America for firing trials in the summer.

ANOTHER STAGE IN DE-FUELLING: The dangerous fuel is drained into a large spherical acid-resistant container (in the foreground). On the right is the bottom of the rocket, standing on a tripod. The fins stabilise the rocket when it is in flight.

The formation of the 47th Guided Weapons Regiment (Field), R.A., was announced early last year. It was the first British guided missiles regiment to be formed. Later the War Office announced the formation of a second regiment—27th Guided Weapons Regiment (Field), R.A. Equipped with the American *Corporal* surface-to-surface missile, the 47th Regiment is now training near Aldershot under Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Cordingley, R.A. It is probable that the 500 men in the regiment will go to America for summer firing tests and then join the British forces stationed in Germany.

The basic design work for the *Corporal* was undertaken by the Jet Propulsion Laboratory of the California Institute of Technology. From the top downwards the missile comprises a pointed nose containing either a high explosive or nuclear warhead; a package containing radar/Doppler guidance; a polygonal section containing air tanks with the air at a pressure of 2,350 lb./sq. ft.; large tanks of fuming nitric acid and xylidine; and a fixed Ryan-built rocket chamber, together with cruciform fins, controls and small vanes in the rocket jet. Altogether the total length is 45 ft. with a body diameter of 30 ins. At launching it weighs about 12,000 lb. and has a burn-out speed of approximately mach 3. The early version of the *Corporal* has a range of 50 miles, but this is increased to 100 miles in the later model.

It is expected that the *Corporal* will be replaced by the *Sergeant*, a much smaller missile, carrying about the same payload for at least the same distance with much less complexity. This implies lower cost of construction, better field performance and greater availability. The most striking difference in the *Sergeant* is the use of a high-impulse solid fuel motor developed by Thiokol in America.

PREPARING TO LAUNCH THE ROCKET: The *Corporal* is mobile and can be set up anywhere. 45 ft. long, it requires eleven trucks to carry it and all the equipment necessary for firing. It takes the whole regiment of 500 men to carry out the complete operation.

TRAINING WITH THE "CORPORAL"

Britain's First Guided Weapons Regiment Is Equipped with this American Missile

IN THE FIRING POSITION: Among the woods near Crookham, in Hampshire, the *Corporal* towers up to the treetops. It is a surface-to-surface radio-controlled missile, which can be fitted with a nuclear warhead. The *Corporal E* has a range of 50 miles and the improved version, the *Corporal F*, a range of about 100 miles.

The World of Books

BEAUTY AND ENTHUSIASM

The Autobiography of Lady Diana Cooper ; A History of Men's Fashions ; Deerstalking ; Commandos in War ; An Indian Mutiny Diary ; A Variety of New Fiction

WHEN one of the most beautiful Englishwomen of the century writes the first volume of her autobiography—for we hope that it will be succeeded by others—and when, in addition to her appearance she has wit, spirit and a talent for choosing friends of like originality, we may hope for something really outstanding in the way of memoirs. With THE RAINBOW COMES AND GOES (Hart-Davis. 25s.) our hopes are splendidly realised, for this graceful, amusing and often touching book is not only readable but re-readable and there is scarcely a page where the interest slackens.

Lady Diana Cooper was born Lady Diana Manners, the daughter of a good-looking duke and his beautiful duchess. Small wonder that her looks were spectacular from the moment she was a baby of three, but there is less to explain the dragonfly quickness and unexpectedness of her conversation or her enthusiasms. Reading of her youth, of her years in the First World War as a much-courted beauty and of her happy marriage to Duff Cooper, one can see clearly enough that people were, and probably still are, the greatest interest in her life. Not entertainment, beyond what she and her friends devised for themselves, and that must have been gay enough; not clothes, although for years she was dressed without charge by some of the most famous of Paris *couturiers*; not gambling, except for a very brief time, and not travel on any ambitious scale but simply the delight of exploring fresh personalities and finding fresh fields for stimulating, intelligent, sympathetic and affectionate companions.

Since readers are, after all, people too, this is a quality in Lady Diana's writing as in her nature which they will appreciate before all others.

THE PEACOCK'S TAIL (Harrap. 25s.) is a whacking great book or, more respectfully, a long and informative one, dealing with the changes in men's dress, formal and informal, over the centuries. Miss Pearl Binder, who has not only done the immense research necessary for the tome but has written *and* illustrated it, has the most lively style and her opinions are as provocative and as personal as such an individual matter requires.

Miss Binder will move, for instance, from a sad tale with highly moral overtones about a colonel "especially renowned for his brilliant top-boots," who died in a fire trying to rescue these glittering objects and whose valet's services were later competed for by all the *beaux* in London, to a passage on the smallness of seventeenth-century feet or the artificially stuffed clothes of Renaissance soldiers. Discursive, amusing, outspoken and, on the whole, entertaining.

The clothes which men wear or used to wear for the hunting of deer in the Scottish Highlands has no relevance to HIGHLAND DEERSTALKER (Seeley. 18s.): an amiably rambling biography by Mr. Colin Gibson of a famous stalker, Alan Cameron, who has lived his life in the deer forests of the Grampians. Whether this is a subject close to your heart or your experience, or whether you think, as I once did in youthful naïveté, that deer forests have a lot of trees in them, this book will still have a certain appeal. With a memory that can stretch back to Queen Victoria and that constitution of hers which would withstand the worst of hill weather, and a vigour of expression unaffected by age, Mr. Cameron must have made a fine study for a writer, and his many anecdotes of sport and sportsmen are an unfailing source.

STORM FROM THE SEA (William Kimber. 21s.) is a chronicle of brave men, written by one of their leaders. Lieut.-Colonel Peter Young won his D.S.O., his M.C. and two Bars, in Commando expeditions, and it is about Commandos from their early days in 1940 till the end of the war that he has written in a book of valorous deeds calmly undertaken and fierce odds resolutely confronted. Among the first small but extremely telling campaigns which the Commandos undertook were the raid on the Lofoten Islands, Vaagso and, later, the unlucky Dieppe raid. From all these, successful or not, the new Commandos, all of them hand-picked, learned both strategy and confidence. They were later to take part in the Sicily landings and fight their separate battles there; to patrol and raid behind the enemy lines in Italy, and to be in the van of the Normandy landings. Their part in that battle of France was incalculable. Colonel Young went on to further fighting in Commando units in Burma just before the Japanese surrender. It is never too late for this kind of book, and this one is written with a particular verve and simplicity that admirably suit the subject.

There was no lack of courage in the fighting during the Indian Mutiny, and there is some evidence of it in a contemporary diary kept by an officer's wife from May to December 1857, in India. JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW (Constable. 15s.) is one of those documents all the more vivid and revealing because they are written by an ordinary person with no thought of publication. Mrs. Maria Germon had been married less than six years to her "dear old Charlie," an officer in the 13th Native Bengal Infantry, serving at this time in Lucknow, and it is the artless, straightforward, even domestic account of the terrible privations and the constant danger that make of her journal an important contribution to history. Her book, which has been prepared for publication by Mr. Michael Edwardes, is as authentic as it is moving.

The first two of the novels in my list this week offer such contrasts that they might serve as illustrations of the width of the Novel's scope. First, Mr. Gerald Kersh's FOWLER'S END (Heinemann. 16s.), about a sinister

THE DUELLISTS MEET AGAIN: M. Serge Lifar (right), the ballet choreographer, offers a rose to Alicia Markova, the English ballet dancer, as he arrives for the opening of a new restaurant in Paris. He fought a duel with the Marquis de Cuevas (on the left) some weeks ago.

region on the north-east periphery of London where life pullulates in sordid and violent conditions. This, explains the author, is the place where the bronze sword was stolen from the war memorial and sold for scrap the night before it was unveiled and where a cabbage planted in this "soured, embittered, dyspeptic, ulcerated soil," comes up as a kind of bleached shillelagh with spikes on its knob. Plant a family, by the same token, and although a respectable working-class family, in two generations it will turn out wolves. Here is a grim place but, because of Mr. Kersh's amazingly ebullient talent, not a wholly grim book.

PURSUED BY A BEAR (Duckworth. 15s.), on the other hand, is about as grim as buttered toast. This first novel by a young London doctor, John Playfair, is about a middle-aged lady who is deeply Kensington whatever her actual habitat and who forms the strikingly unoriginal idea of starting a *salon* for the arts and their interpreters in her country house. This is described as large and, by implication, well-staffed, so that the reader's disappointment is equal to the guests' when he arrives there to find the familiar atmosphere of "I'll-lay-the-table-if-you'll-do-the-washing-up." However, there are some spirited moments and Mr. Playfair is obviously bright, musical and well-read himself. For me, the best thing about the novel, or its writing, was the inescapable and delightful impression of real youth.

CONVERSATIONS WITH A WITCH (Macmillan. 13s. 6d.), by Mr. James Wellard, is more solidly constructed, more mature and neither bubbles nor admits of bubbling. The theme is the gradual discovery of a dead artist's nature and work through talks with the woman who was once his beloved mistress and the mother of his child, now dead as well. The woman seems old when the narrator first comes to the Wiltshire village near which she lives as an unpopular recluse, but through her conversation, less and less grudging as time goes by, she reveals the love-story which was the glory of her life and the inspiration of the best pictures he, or she, ever painted. Sober and not without a touching quality.

Three American novels next, and three facets of fiction from the United States. Mr. Wright Morris has written LOVE AMONG THE CANNIBALS (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.) with a kind of cheerful cynicism, about two war buddies who have become a successful team of song writers, and their adventures, amorous and otherwise, in southern California (which I once heard described by a *northern* Californian as "South Cafeteria"), and in Mexico. Breezy, but not with the kind of zephyrs you get from the sea.

THE LOVE-SEEKERS (W. H. Allen. 16s.) has a brief episode by a Californian beach too, but in the main it is about Manhattan and dedicated New Yorkers. Mrs. Leonora Hornblow writes about the city with as much sympathy as she gives her highly civilised characters, and if one can't understand her predilection, at least one can respect it. Her story of clever men and far-from-dewy girls is readable to a high degree and, although I am wary of the word, sophisticated.

FAIROAKS (Heinemann. 16s.) is Mr. Frank Yerby's new novel of the Deep South and of a great plantation which exercises a strong influence on a family's fortunes, rather than vice versa. This is another author with the gift of story-telling and he has it to an even more convincing degree. The period is from 1780 to 1884, and to say that the action is colourful is something of an under-statement.

TALE OF A WHISTLING SHRIMP (Hutchinson. 15s.) is by a young Russian writer, Mr. Vladimir Grinioff, who lives in Washington and has a light, satirical touch which owes nothing to Dostoevsky. The title of this diverting picture of contemporary life in the Soviet Union is taken from one of Mr. Khrushchev's dicta, that "we will abandon Communism when the shrimp learns to whistle." It is lighthearted but by no means frivolous, and though, as the author points out, it is intended as fiction, may by now be nearer to fact.

Mr. Hasan Ozbekhan writes about Turkey at the time of the Spanish Civil War and about the deep division between the old and new orders in Istanbul. These are exemplified, in THE ISLE OF PRINCES (Gollancz. 15s.), by a young man, a member of one of Turkey's most aristocratic families, and his old uncle who, disapproving of the changes that Kemal Ataturk brought up, has retired from public life and even from Istanbul itself, living in increasing poverty but with great dignity, in a nearby island. This book makes its point well enough, but I found its greatest charm in the almost magical evocation of places and customs.

Vernon Vane.

PROSPECTORS' ADVENTURES

The Bitter Rivalry in the Search for Oil

Stanton Hope makes THE BATTLE FOR OIL (Robert Hale. 18s.) a hazardous, ever-exciting and unending adventure. With the wealth of fact at his command regarding world oil resources, he could have been forgiven for writing a prosaic book, but Mr. Hope has a flair for presenting facts dramatically and without exaggeration. His prologue, in which he deals with memorable fire-fighting exploits in the fields of Texas and Abadan, makes a breathtaking start. The author covers much more than fire-fighting, however. Here is the story of the search for, and production of, crude petroleum from early times to the present day. Colourful personalities keep emerging in these pages, such as the redoubtable Major Frank Holmes who discovered oil in "barren" Arabia. The account of how he obtained the first oil concession there bears comparison with any adventure and freak of fortune that marked the old "wild-catting days" in Pennsylvania, Texas and California. Both layman and oilman alike will find pleasure in this lively narrative, so obviously written with deep knowledge and an unquenchable enthusiasm for the subject.

John Gunther has a remarkable ability to amass facts from many sources, and having done so, to digest them through his own considerable journalistic skill. In writing INSIDE RUSSIA TO-DAY (Hamish Hamilton. 25s), he has without doubt been confronted by his most difficult reportorial task, for there is so much in this continent-size land that we can only guess at. The basis of Gunther's book, which runs to nearly 600 pages, is to reveal Russia geographically and historically. As John Milton wrote in the *Briefe History of Muscovia*, "what was scattered in many volumes, and observ'd at several times by Eye-witnesses, with no cursory pains I laid together, to save the Reader a far longer travaile." Well, John Gunther has done just that, and he has added to the mixture, too, the fruits of the four visits he has himself made to Russia, where he was ever alert and eager to learn. In the chapter entitled "The Party Circuit," Mr. Gunther shows the floundering that inevitably followed Stalin's death, and the period of collective dictatorship before Khrushchev placed himself more securely in the saddle. It is a fascinating glimpse, but the deductions are only deductions, and most readers will prefer the more strictly factual aspects of this most assiduous piece of reporting on the unique Gunther scale.

Here are two war books both of outstanding interest, both in the final analysis stories of disaster, and both vital to the final record of the Second World War. Leon Wolff's LOW-LEVEL MISSION (Longmans. 18s.) is an account of the Ploesti raids by the American Air Force in August 1943. They were hair-raising, zero altitude attacks involving a 2,700-mile run from Africa to the Balkans and back, and they culminated in a disaster that is still the subject of a vast controversy. Leon Wolff seeks to discover what exactly went wrong

THE ROYAL ACADEMY ANNUAL DINNER: Mr. Macmillan, replying to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers," addresses the company at Burlington House. From his right, those seated at the top table are the Swedish Ambassador, Hr. Hägglöf, G.C.V.O.; Lord Attlee; Sir Kenneth Clark and Mr. Heathcoat Amory. From the Prime Minister's left are Sir Charles Wheeler, the President of the Royal Academy; Sir Winston Churchill; Viscount Hailsham; the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Malik; and the Duke of Hamilton. Behind the top table are some of the pictures in the Summer Exhibition. Among the many distinguished guests at the dinner was Sir Winston Churchill, who has four pictures in the exhibition. During his speech Mr. Macmillan acknowledged that some of his great predecessors had been artists as well as statesmen. He said that Britain was going forward at a tremendous pace and crossing the threshold of her second industrial revolution. Sir Kenneth Clark, Chairman of the Arts Council, proposing the toast of the Royal Academy, reflected on the change in the pictures hung on the walls. He felt that nothing could shock the public any more. "Are they punch-drunk," he asked, "or have they been walloped into silence by the critics, or have they failed so often to spot the winner that they will look with respect at any outsider?" He said that in the past all pictures spoke more or less the same language. "Now," he continued, "there is a babel, and often those who are best worth listening to are speaking quietly and using unfamiliar words, and in a large mixed exhibition they are almost inaudible." Sir Charles Wheeler said that they had endeavoured to be broad-minded in their selection of pictures where excellence was found, irrespective of their style.

as the Allies sought to eliminate this strategic point in the Nazi economy. Ploesti was what the average military man of the Second World War would designate a complete and utter "shambles."

Very different is the biography BATTLESHIP SCHARNHORST (Hutchinson. 25s.). Here two French naval officers, Albert Vulliez and Jacques Mordal, briefly describe the exploits of the first great warship of this name, and then go on to follow the career of the second, which went down off the North Cape in December 1943 with 1,850 officers and men losing their lives. To the last it is a heroic tale, but it was the death-knell of the German Navy.

Basil Clarke's ATLANTIC ADVENTURE (Wingate. 21s.) is a complete history of transatlantic flight by an acknowledged expert and writer on aviation. It begins with the first heavier-than-air crossing in a flying-boat in 1919, and takes us right through into this commercial age of scheduled flights of almost clockwork regularity.

SECRET LANDS WHERE WOMEN REIGN (Robert Hale. 21s.) is the work of Gabrielle Bertrand, who takes us into the wild hills of Assam to share the lives of the Garo, the Apa-Tani, and the Khasi, who still live as their ancestors lived when they first came from Mongolia and Tibet. The wives are the real heads of these communities, and both their customs and characteristics are described most vividly by this distinguished woman traveller who has also brought back some fine photographs from her Asian journeyings. R. C. E.

On left—

COMMEMORATING WELSHMEN WHO FELL IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR: The procession of choir and clergy moves towards the High Altar in Llandaff Cathedral during the service at which the Bishop of Llandaff, the Right Rev. Glyn Simon, dedicated a memorial chapel. The memorial commemorates men of the 53rd (Welsh) Infantry Division (T.A.) who fell in the war. Among the vast congregation was the Burgomaster of s'Hertogenbosch, Holland. It was at s'Hertogenbosch during the war that the division sustained more than 1,000 casualties. Dominating the scene in this picture is "Majestas," the 16-ft. figure of Christ in Majesty by Sir Jacob Epstein. The statue is a frontal figure to the decorated casing to contain a section of the organ for choir accompaniment. It is cast in aluminium with an unpolished surface and stands on the apex of a reinforced concrete arch spanning and dominating the entire nave.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

OXYGEN IN INDUSTRY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

WHEN you use oxygen, the price depends on how much you want, how regularly you want it, and how far you are from a supply more than on how pure it has to be. The biggest group of consumers, some 2,000,000,000 human beings scattered over the face of the earth, each needing at the very least a litre of oxygen a minute, can use it highly impure, mixed with four times its own volume of nitrogen, so they can breathe it everywhere, free as air. So can almost every fire burning everywhere (for all combustion is a matter of extremely rapid combination of oxygen with other elements, so fast as to produce light and heat). The oxygen business, however, is founded on the fact that some industrial—and medical—customers are more selective.

Most of these customers use oxygen for enrichment of some oxidation process which can occur naturally, but more weakly, without it. This is as true of many of its uses in iron and steel as it is in the sick person whose lungs are too feeble to pump in enough air for the oxygenation of his blood. This enrichment enables combustion to proceed faster, with greater heat. Oxygen is particularly associated with the production of extremely high temperatures in the oxy-acetylene and more recently the oxy-propane flame. The growth of commercial demand for oxygen, particularly since the turn of the century, has been associated with the development of welding and flame-cutting.

uses of oxygen, welding and flame-cutting of one kind and another still take probably more of the oxygen produced commercially in Britain to-day than any other application.

Almost all that oxygen—in 1954 the proportion was more than 98 per cent.—comes from one group, the British Oxygen Company. British Oxygen covers a much wider field than oxygen alone. It supplies other industrial gases such as acetylene, propane, nitrogen, hydrogen, and argon, plus a variety of medical gases and the equipment to administer them; sells welding and cutting equipment, builds oxygen and air separation plants, aircraft gas systems, welding electrodes, dental apparatus and rescue equipment, sparklet bulbs—anything to do with gas. More recently, one of its subsidiaries has launched out into plastics, paint "plasticisers" and adhesives. The Company's combined assets and reserves total about £41,000,000: its sales in 1956-57, some £43,000,000.

Industrial gases, therefore, account for only part of the B.O.C. group's total sales: and it produces several besides oxygen. But it is from the supply of oxygen that this sizeable industrial empire has been built up. Seventy years ago, the initials B.O.C. stood for Brin's Oxygen Company, a firm just founded to sell the gas for medical purposes, for the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe used in platinum working, and for the limelight

Since the '30's, this limitation has been overcome by the development of ways of transporting liquid oxygen. The latest B.O.C. road tanker, which carries the liquid gas—at minus 186 degrees Centigrade—in a reinforced pressure tank, holds more than 300,000 cubic feet of oxygen. About half of the oxygen supplied in this country now goes to customers in liquid form; moreover, the ability to move liquid oxygen freely round the country has removed the need for many scattered small-scale production plants, and liquid oxygen produced in big, efficient plants can now be sent round the country to gas plants which turn it into gaseous form and then send it out to their customers by cylinders or in some cases through pipeline "grids."

In its turn, the availability of large volumes of the gas made possible by distribution in liquid form has had a further effect upon the network of oxygen supply. With enough oxygen on hand to be used in major chemical processes, technicians in the customer industries have widened their experiments into its application. This has been true in many chemical industries, but particularly in the iron and steel industry. The refining of steel is primarily a matter of oxidation—the various impurities in the ores and intermediate materials are taken out mainly by becoming combined with oxygen and driven off.

OXYGEN IN THE FACTORY: *Left*—**The cylinder of oxygen is a familiar sight on the factory floor. Here, the Argonarc welding process is used to fabricate pans at the Leith (Scotland) factory of Pullman Pans Ltd.** *Right*—**An unusual process is the double operator vertical method of welding, being carried out at the Hull premises of Messrs. W. Broady and Sons. It results in higher welding speeds than usual, and also in greater economy. The copper vessel is a liquid weighing machine.**

To the ordinary person welding may appear a fairly conventional, if spectacular, technique of workaday engineering, which might have been expected to have established and reached the limit of its uses by now. In fact, it has by no means reached its limits. More and more structures of heavy steel which twenty years ago would have been cast or forged are to-day being built up out of structural steel as weldments. Moreover, the development of the chemical process industries, with their demand for larger and larger vessels of steel plate, makes welding essential, not least because units are so big that they have to be put together on the site. The vast pressure vessels which enclose nuclear reactors such as Dounreay are the best-advertised of these, and their demands have indeed stimulated progress in open-air welding techniques: but many other demands are nearly as exacting.

Most ships, too, are welded to-day—the shipbuilding and marine engineering industries take about a tenth of all the oxygen sold in this country (and perhaps twice as large a proportion of the acetylene and propane used with oxygen for flame-cutting steel plate and welding). British shipyards have been won over more gradually to the all-welded ship than some shipbuilders abroad. There are often some riveted sections in British ships still—and a substantial number of riveters are left, jealously watching their trade shrink, though less able to check this by restrictive practices than some of the craftsmen in shipbuilding. Though it is the chemical processes that are the most rapidly-developing

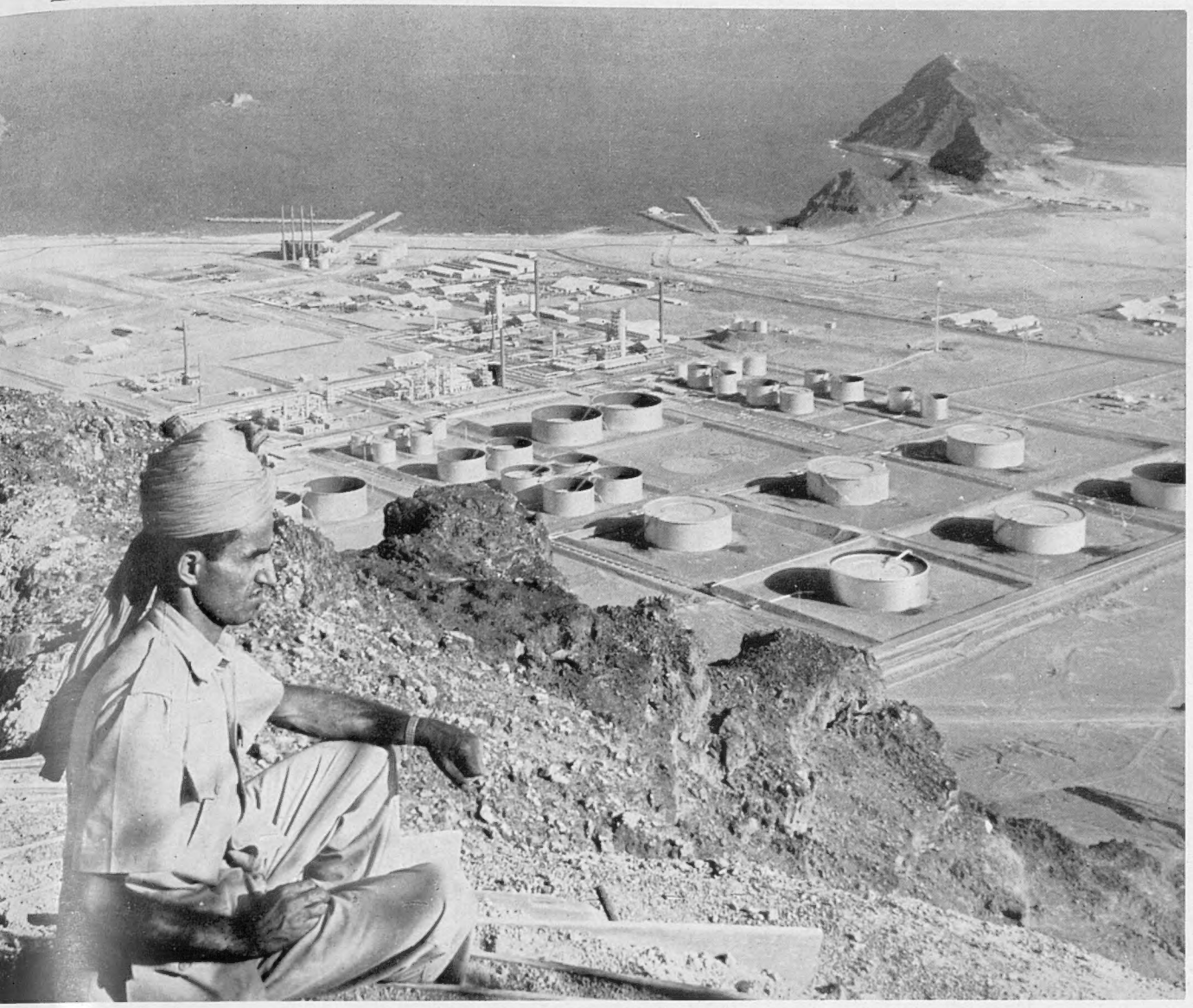
lamp. It made the gas by heating barium dioxide to a temperature at which oxygen was released. By the turn of the century processes had been developed in which air is liquefied by refrigeration and has the nitrogen, which becomes gaseous at a lower temperature, "distilled" off. The original company which acquired patents from the Linde Company of Germany to develop this system, became British Oxygen.

The use of oxygen in industry has developed along with the scale at which it can be produced, which is the determining factor in cost—and, equally important, with the scale and methods by which it can be distributed to customers. These techniques of supply have a vast amount to do with the price—and therefore with the extent to which different kinds of customers find it economic to make use of oxygen.

The original uses of oxygen in industry and medicine were developed on gas supplied compressed in steel cylinders, and probably 40 per cent. of all that is sold to-day is still supplied in this way. For most medium-scale welding operations, for example, the cylinder is still the most convenient and portable source of supplying oxygen where the customers wants to use it. But the weight and cost of transporting these cylinders is considerable. When this was the only way the gas could be delivered, it put a limit on the distance that it was economic to move oxygen, and made it necessary to spread out medium-sized oxygen plants throughout the country, in order to serve customers at all points.

In most steel processes, the oxygen in the air carries this out, but mixed as it is with nitrogen it can leave too much of this other element as an impurity in the steel. In many steelmaking processes, from the blast furnace to the converter or open-hearth furnace, the addition of comparatively pure oxygen can speed up or improve what is being done. But the extent to which one can afford this depends on the price of the oxygen. In some processes, such as the electric arc furnace, steelmakers can afford to use it at, say, 12s. 6d. per 1,000 cubic feet; in others, where it can be used in large volumes, oxygen is only worth using if it is much cheaper.

This is now leading to the latest rationalisation of the supply system—producing the gas on the customer's own premises. "Tonnage oxygen" plants—the adjective refers to the large volume required, which is so large as to be measured in tons a day—are at present being erected in several British steelworks owned by B.O.C. and operated according to the customer's requirements. These are comparatively small but highly efficient plants, offering the gas at prices of the order of 5s. per 1,000 cubic feet. As yet there are only two in operation at British steelworks, but five more will soon be coming in and others are being erected for customers in the chemical industry. This form of oxygen supply, growing even faster, may eventually come to exceed the volumes of gas delivered in tankers or as gas in pipe-lines and cylinders. There can be few industries where development of the market has been geared so directly to the changing methods of its transport.



OIL AT ADEN

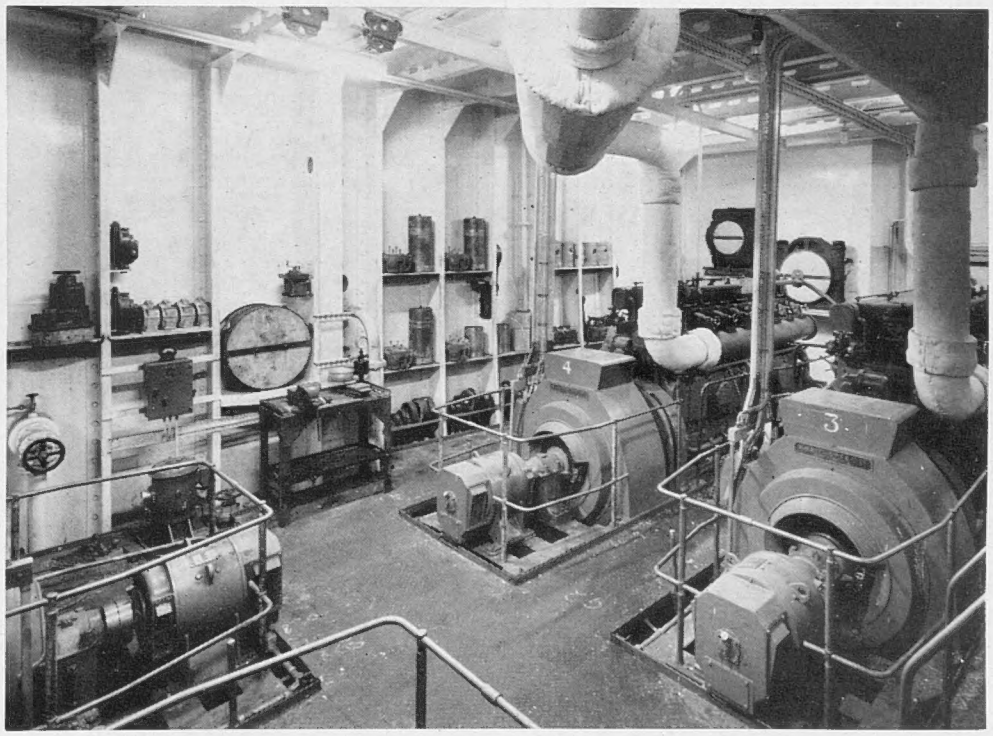
On left—

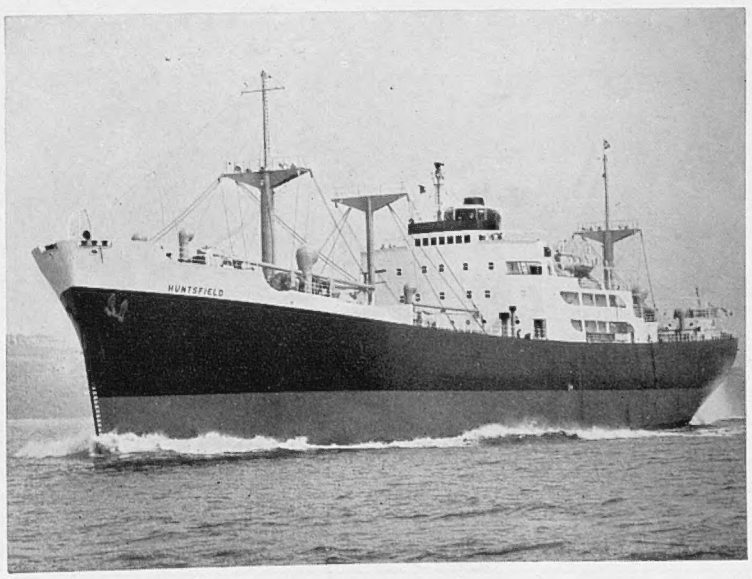
The Aden refinery of the British Petroleum Company has been in commission for nearly four years. Work on the construction began towards the end of 1952 and the refinery was commissioned twenty-one months later in July 1954. It was designed to handle 5,000,000 tons of crude oil a year and has two distillation units. The products from the refinery include bunker oils for ships, and of these 2,000,000 tons a year are pumped 19 miles through two specially laid pipe-lines to the Aden BP bunkering installation. The other products are petrol, kerosene, diesel oil and liquefied gas. They are produced for markets on the Red Sea and Indian Ocean.

The refinery has a staff of about 1,750, of whom 250 are British. The power required to run the installations—22,500 kilowatts—is equivalent to that necessary to supply a town the size of Cambridge, and the consumption of water—4,000,000 gallons an hour—is more than the consumption of the City of Glasgow. The oil harbour at the refinery has three jetties and can accommodate four tankers of 32,000 tons. The breakwater which protects the harbour on the seaward side is 4,000 ft. long. In the construction of the harbour 6,000,000 cubic yards of sand were dredged from the approach channels and pumped ashore to reclaim 200 acres. Other vast undertakings in the construction of the refinery included the quarrying of 1,500,000 tons of rock and the moving of 2,000,000 cubic yards of earth. The contractors used 11,000 tons of steel and 30,000 tons of cement, and the entire cost of the work was about £45,000,000. Construction contractors for the refinery were a consortium of Middle East Bechtel Corporation and George Wimpey and Co. Ltd.; Wimpey's also built the harbour.

BRITISH TRADE MISSION

Members of the United Kingdom Trade Delegation to Canada stand in front of their aircraft at London Airport before flying to Montreal. They are, from left to right (top row), Sir Norman Kipping, Lord Riverdale; (second row) Sir Edward Herbert, Sir Vincent Tewson; (bottom row) Mrs. Clinch (secretary to Mr. Young), Sir Charles Hambro, Sir William Rootes, Mr. E. D. O'Brien and Mr. P. S. Young. Sir William Rootes, chairman of the Dollar Exports Council, who is leading the trade mission, said before leaving that the tour was a "return match" for the visit to Britain of fifty Canadian industrialists at the end of last year. The purpose of the four-week tour is the stimulation and expansion of Anglo-Canadian trade, together with the selling of British ideas. The delegation is following up recommendations made in the report of the Canadian mission and is visiting Ottawa, Halifax, Quebec City, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria.





SHIP'S ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

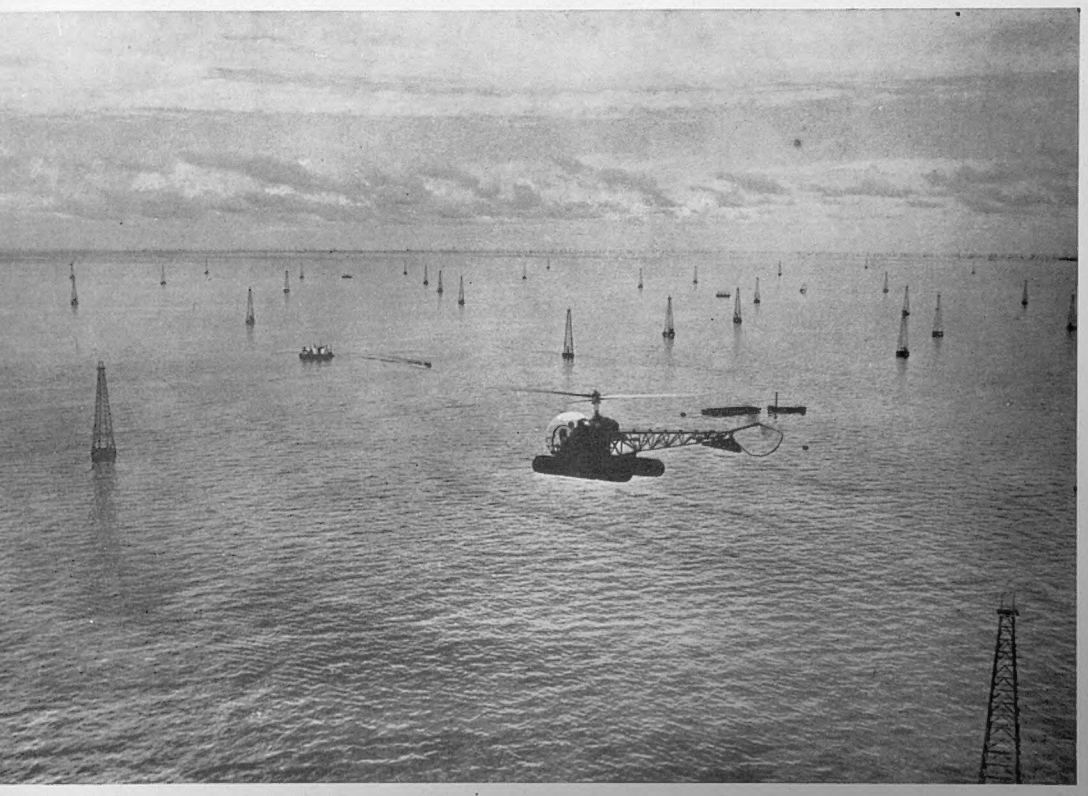
Four diesel-driven alternator sets in the main machinery space provide all the motive power, and heating and lighting circuits for the M.V. *Huntsfield* (on the left). Built for the Power Steamship Co. Ltd., she has recently been completed at the Burntisland yard of the Burntisland Shipbuilding Company and is now in service. Many new materials, including plastics and fibreglass, have been used in her construction, but perhaps the main feature is the use of alternating current for auxiliary purposes. Distribution is effected on a three-phase, three-wire system, with operating voltage at 440 volts for motive power, 230 volts for heating and 115 volts for lighting. Step-down voltage transformers are installed and are connected to a special link panel which permits rapid connection in circuit of spare transformers for overhaul or emergency purposes. Power is distributed from a main switchboard adjacent to the alternators in the main machinery space. The principal drive for deck and engine-room auxiliaries is from squirrel-cage motors. A compact console unit in the wheelhouse contains navigation and steering equipment indicators.

RECOVERING AND PROCESSING DOLOMITE IN SOUTH AFRICA

An enormous materials handling operation is involved in recovering and processing dolomite, large deposits of which lie in the Mooiplaas area, near Pretoria, in South Africa. Dolomite is a high-fluxing magnesia limestone, used to line converters in steel-making.

The recently completed plant at Mooiplaas, the largest of its kind in South Africa, was designed and built by Edw. L. Bateman Ltd., the Allis-Chalmers distributor in South Africa, for the South African Iron and Steel Industrial Corp. More than 90 per cent. of the plant was built in South Africa with South African materials and labour.

In recovering the valuable ore, large chunks are blasted loose, then moved over more than a mile of conveyors to a large Allis-Chalmers jaw crusher capable of handling as much as 380 tons per hour. This 80-ton crusher was built for Bateman by Vanderbijl Engineering Corp., Ltd., Johannesburg, to specifications laid down by Allis-Chalmers.



AIRCRAFT IN OIL OPERATIONS

Aircraft were first employed in the oil industry in the early 1930's but it is only within the last few years that flying has really been developed to become an essential part in the search for oil and in the maintenance of oilfields. Now the Royal Dutch/Shell Group of companies has just formed a new company, Shell Aircraft Ltd., for the more effective co-ordination of its world-wide operations outside America. It owns twenty-five planes of all types and operates considerably more than that number on charter. The picture *above* shows a Bell 47D helicopter transporting men and materials to the offshore drilling rigs in Lake Maracaibo, in Venezuela. *On right*—Another Bell 47D is flying over the Middle Magdalena Valley, in Colombia, with supplies for a Shell Condor S.A. seismic exploration party. The versatile aircraft are regarded as the " pack horses " for oilfield work. They are used for a wide variety of tasks and can land in the most restricted space. For oil men all over the world the development of operations by air means an enormous saving in time, in exhausting labour and, of course, in costs.

A NEW PUSHER-PLATE FOR TRACTORS

A heavy-duty engine-mounted front pusher-plate assembly for the Allis-Chalmers HD.21 tractor is being manufactured by Mackay Industrial Equipment Limited. The pusher-plate is constructed in a 1-in.-1½-in.-thick steel box section (inset) and weighs approximately 2,160 lb. It fully protects the tractor and enables the great power of the HD.21 to be transmitted accurately to the pusher " button " of the scraper. It also obviates the possibility of damage to the scraper tyres. Two-position vertical height adjustment is provided and the special pin-connected links enable a speedy change of position to be made. This type of assembly can be used with a standard wrap-around radiator guard.

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2 SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1958. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

THAT HARDY ANNUAL, THE LONDON SEASON, HAS BEGUN and from now until Goodwood week, given fine weather, fashion will compete with Nature's creations at Ascot, Henley, Lord's, Wimbledon and a host of other social occasions. The chief actors in this pageantry of gaiety will have already made their arrangements, so my thoughts turn more to those of us whose interests are not concerned with the Season as a whole, but have the urge to participate in this or that and are seriously concerned about where to stay in London itself.

Hotel accommodation will, as always, be most difficult to get during the coming months, so take a tip from me, plan to stay in London at the week-ends, when the wheels of business will be stilled.

Such internationally well-known places as the Berkeley, the Dorchester, Grosvenor House, Savoy, the Ritz, and others, need no introduction, but here is a selection of hotels which my wife and I have sampled recently, with every satisfaction. They will suit the hour and the mood, represent a varying price range and are listed below in alphabetical order :—

Brown's Hotel, Dover Street, W.1 (141 bedrooms). Trust Houses Ltd., acquired this hotel in 1948, installed modern conceptions of comfort but have preserved the original atmosphere of its founder, James Brown (a butler in Lord Byron's family), who set out to cater for "the nobility and gentry." Tel. : Hyde Park 6020. Single room per night (not including breakfast), from 35s. to 60s.

Cadogan Hotel, 75, Sloane Street, S.W.3 (85 bedrooms). Very handy for Knightsbridge and the West End, this is a charming, moderately priced hotel catering for a discriminating clientele. Tel. : Sloane 7141. Single rooms per night (including breakfast), from 32s. 6d.

Connaught Hotel, Carlos Place, W.1 (100 bedrooms). Close to Berkeley and Grosvenor Square, this is now one of the Savoy group of hotels but still under the personal direction of that able hotelier, Mr. Rudolph Richard. It is one of the most exclusive hotels in London to-day. Terms on application. Tel. : Grosvenor 7070.

Gore Hotel and Restaurant, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7 (50 bedrooms). Highest West End standards in food, wine and room service. Admirably positioned for the Royal Albert Hall, Olympia and Earls Court Exhibition Buildings. Here, apart from the restaurant, is the famous Elizabethan Room where one can feast authentically as in the days of Good Queen Bess. Resident Director is Peter G. Herbert, one of the most able and youngest hoteliers in London. Tel. : Knightsbridge 4222. Single rooms per night (including breakfast), from 34s. 6d.

Howard Hotel, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.2 (150 bedrooms). One could not find a more central and quieter situation, close by the Embankment and a half-minute's walk from the Strand, the Temple and Aldwych Underground stations. Room service is excellent, restaurant meals quite first-class and, under the personal direction of Mr. S. Cotti, it is an hotel that is sought out by the discriminating. Tel. : Temple Bar 4400. Single bed and breakfast, from 46s. 6d. per night.

Quaglino's Hotel, Bury Street, S.W.1. A stone's throw from St. James's Street and Piccadilly, there are only thirty-five bedrooms but what comfort, refinement and personal service ! On the ground floor is the famous restaurant, and below, the equally well-known Allegro which, with a liquor licence until 2 a.m., has all the advantages of a night club without the disadvantage of being raided ! Tel. : Whitehall 6767. 50s. per person per night, without breakfast.

Queensberry Court Hotel, Queensberry Place, S.W.7 (41 bedrooms). One of those small licensed hotels that one becomes attached to, perhaps because it is not too hotelish on the one hand and residential on the other. It is a friendly little hotel where one is quickly known. Tel. : Kensington 3693. Bed and breakfast terms per person per night, from 27s. 6d.

The North Hotels of South Kensington. Ranging from the 160-bedroom Onslow Court Hotel to the 55-bedroom Suncourt Hotel, in Lexham Gardens, there are seven hotels in the family (excluding Oatlands Park Hotel, Weybridge). Partly residential and partly catering for London's transient population, a good deal of saving in time and money can be effected by phoning or writing to their head office, 14, Cromwell Place, S.W.7, Tel. : Kensington 1212, to ascertain where they might have vacancies. Daily terms run from 25s. per night, including breakfast.

St. Ermin's Hotel, Caxton Street, S.W 1 (170 bedrooms). This first-class hotel, so ably managed by Mr. John Lee (who was for many years at the Savoy and, later, the Dorchester), has the great attributes of being central and yet quiet. The latter is profound if you are fortunate enough to get a bedroom overlooking their private close in which cars can be parked. Tel. : Abbey 7888, bed and breakfast terms from 40s. per night per person.

Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1. A delightful first-class hotel for the discriminating, three minutes' walk from Piccadilly and half a minute from Green Park and St James's Street. The resident manager is Mr. J. Jordan. Both this hotel and the Royal Norfolk Hotel, Bognor Regis, are owned by Select Hotels Ltd., under the able direction of Mr. L. Burdet. Tel. : Hyde Park 0111.

Westbury Hotel, Bond Street, London, W.1. Heads shook and tongues wagged when this, London's newest hotel since the war, was opened, but under the skilled direction of M. Antoine Dirsztay, this American-owned hotel has taken its place among London's best. To lunch or dine at The Westbury has now become one of London's social occasions, a fitting *finale* then to this article, which I hope will prove of help to all who may be planning to visit London in and out of season. Tel. : Mayfair 7755 Room accommodation from 70s. per person per night.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
25 yards from the sea. An Irish Country House Hotel in glorious scenery, with goggle-fishing, bathing, sailing; or just eating, drinking and being lazy. Write R. Kaulback.

CHELTENHAM. QUEEN'S HOTEL
Ideal centre for touring the Cotswolds. Every luxury, including superb food, excellent cellar, attractive bars, lift, central heating and private baths. At head of the Promenade, with many rooms overlooking the beautiful Imperial Gardens. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL. Telephone : 54724.

CONNEL FERRY. FALLS OF LORA HOTEL
All touring the Western Highlands should note this charmingly-positioned hotel, fully-licensed and open all year round. Ideal base from which to visit the Inner and Outer Hebrides, via Oban (5 miles). Tel. : Connel 202.

DUBLIN. THE GRESHAM HOTEL
Visit Ireland this year and for a good beginning and ending choose this fine modern hotel in the hub of Ireland's social life. 150 rooms (many private bathrooms and suites) with radios, central heating, iced water and 24-hour service.

FALMOUTH. GREENBANK HOTEL
For Spring sunshine, for Summer sailing, choose this hotel with its comfortable nautical atmosphere, situated on the water's edge of Falmouth Harbour. First-class food and service and genial climate. Tel. : 440.

HOLKHAM. The VICTORIA HOTEL and ANCIENT HOUSE
Enjoy absolute peace and quiet in this most comfortable Hotel, on Lord Leicester's estate in an unspoiled corner of Norfolk. Famous bird sanctuaries at Blakeney Point and Scolt Head. 18 bedrooms. Garage. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL. Telephone : Wells 343.

HYTHE, Kent. HOTEL IMPERIAL
Facing sea with full-length 9-hole golf course, tennis, putting and croquet is a holiday resort in itself, IN ALL SEASONS. Within, excellent cuisine and service. Most bedrooms with private bathrooms. Billiards. Ballroom. Lift. Cocktail Lounge. A.A.**** Tel. : 67441.

CHESTER or MERSEYSIDE. Visiting either on business or pleasure, please note
CRAXTON WOOD HOTEL and CLUB
(on Chester/Hoylake road) for luxurious comfort and country contentment. Tel. : Hooton 3111.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class, 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine ; fully licensed. Phone all rooms ; suites. Hard tennis, Putting, Billiards, Swimming-Pool. Adjoins Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341.

NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON. HOWARD HOTEL
Situated on the boundary of the City and West End, yet free from the noise and bustle of the main thoroughfare. There are 200 rooms, each with hot and cold running water, many with private bath. Restaurant—Cocktail Bar—Rooms for Meetings and private functions. By TEMPLE and ALDWYCH Stations. Brochure and quotations for individual requirements forwarded on request.
Telephone : Temple Bar 4400.

NR. OXFORD, WESTON-ON-THE-GREEN. **WESTON MANOR HOTEL**
Mrs. M. L. Sears is now resident owner of this historic hotel. C.H. throughout. Private bathrooms. Squash court. Week-end dance. Haute cuisine. Licensed. 9 miles Oxford. Tel. : Bletchington 60.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. **The ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL**
—the sunniest spot on the South Coast. Facing south on the front, this first-class hotel (only 2 hours from London) has every comfort. 90 bedrooms with telephones and radios. Lift. Television. Central heating. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL. Telephone : Hastings 3300.

VENTNOR. The ROYAL HOTEL
Only 3½ hours from London, this first-class, comfortable holiday hotel at England's most southerly resort—noted for warmth and sunshine. Private cliff gardens overlooking the sea. Central heating, television. Golf (free to guests). A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL. Telephone : Ventnor 186.

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. **OATLANDS PARK HOTEL**
One of Britain's best-run country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Own Swimming-pool, Sporting Golf course, Tennis, Squash, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing—all free to residents. 60 acres of grounds. 150 rooms (many with private bath). Self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure. Weybridge 4242.

WINDERMERE. The OLD ENGLAND HOTEL
—a first-class Hotel, with magnificent views of Lake Windermere from the public rooms and many bedrooms. Beautiful gardens stretching to private landing stage. Sun terrace. 75 bedrooms. Central heating, lift, television. Fine cuisine. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL. Telephone : Windermere 12.

WHIMS and FANCIES
are common to all of us, not least when on holiday, and here you can give full expression to them. Breakfast in bed instead of that stampede to the office (a telephone by your bedside if you *must* ring them—not recommended). Your car brought to the door—then to golf (no green fees to pay), and so on and so forth throughout your stay. We are at your beck and call to satisfy your whims and pander to your fancies
Write to Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Paul. Tel. : Torquay 25234.
THE GRAND HOTEL, TORQUAY
Always a good address whatever the month.

Overbury, Worcestershire

Someone, somewhere is thinking of "Home" . . . someone *you* know well . . . someone who would give a lot to be with you to-day! Have you thought how much THE SPHERE would mean to a kinsman—a Briton—in some distant place? The pleasure it would afford is unaccountable and the cost quite trifling.* You can arrange it to-day, so easily . . . just ask your bookstall or newsagent or write to:

The Publisher, 195, *Strand, London, W.C.*2.
Be sure to state where copies should be sent, the period required and your own name and address.
12 *months*, £7 14*s.* 6*d.** (*Canada*, £7 0*s.* 6*d.*),
6 *months*, £3 19*s.* 6*d.* (*Canada*, £3 12*s.* 6*d.*)
**About fivepence a day!*

THE SPHERE